

# The Times

THE ASSESSED VALUATION FOR LOS ANGELES COUNTY FOR 1892 IS \$72,389,322.

ELEVENTH YEAR.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 14, 1892.

4:30 O'CLOCK A.M.

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Second Grand Concert of the Orchestral Society "Lute" Lomudom Tomaszewicz,  
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PETTSON CARTER in the

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## THE PACIFIC COAST.

Arrest of More Riotous Strikers in Idaho.

The Man Who Blew Up the Frisco Mill Among Those Captured.

Portland Threatened With Another Highbinder War.

Several Disastrous Fires Near Phoenix, Ariz.—Death of a Prominent San Francisco Merchant—Centennial Palm.

By Telegraph to The Times. WANDON (Idaho), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Co. E, Fourth Infantry, was sent to Fort Mullan last night to arrest Jack Lucy, Black and others who are wanted by the authorities. When near the town they halted for an hour and a feint was made of an intended move in another direction. Suddenly they swooped down on the town and caught six men; all members of the union, among them the man who, it is said, sent the giant powder down the flame which blew up the Frisco mill.

Jack Wallace has been released on bonds of \$5,000, one of his fellow-prisoners putting up the cash as security. The troops will not be permanently retained here after the disposal of the prisoners.

PROMINENT MERCHANT GONE. Death of Andrew Crawford of San Francisco—His Career.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Andrew Crawford, of the well-known shipping firm of A. Crawford & Co., died here this morning from heart failure. He was a native of Glenarm, Ireland, 63 years of age. He came to the United States in 1849 and to California three years later, engaging in the ship chandlery business in this city. He was one of the first to put a vessel in the South Sea Island trade and established branch houses in the Marshall, Gilbert, Harvey and Marquesas groups. He has held a contract from the French government for carrying the mails between here and the Marquesas Islands since 1871. The firm owns a number of vessels and is engaged in trade. Crawford, at the time of his death, was possessed of large interests in Curry county, Or. Deceased belonged to the Masonic order and was vice-president of the Scotch-Irish Society of this city.

REBELS CAPTURED.

More Rebels Seized While Operating in Bering Sea.

PORT TOWNSEND (Wash.), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Advices from Comalaska state that the United States men-of-war in Bering Sea have seized the following vessels: British schooner, Mountain Chief of Victoria, seized by the Adams for killing seals and violating the modus vivendi. Whaling bark Lydia, intercepted by the Richard Rush while taking seals aboard from the Northern Light. A prize crew was placed aboard and she was sent to Sitka.

Whaling schooner Jane Gray, seized by the Adams for running Bering Sea after having been warned.

British steamer Wilfred, seized by the Rush with fresh killed seals aboard.

A DEAD HIGBINDER.

Killed by Another Heathen in a Portland Lottery Den.

PORTLAND (Or.), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Chin Bow Bong, a Chinese highbinder, was shot and probably fatally wounded this afternoon in a Chinatown saloon. Thirteen Chinamen are under arrest for complicity in the affair.

It appears that May Took, a Chinese boy, had won \$15 on a lottery ticket. He gave the ticket to Bong to collect for him. This afternoon when Bong demanded the money from the lottery agent a highbinder, who was afterward identified as Tung Chong, drew a pistol and fired at Bong. The bullet entered his back below the ribs and grazed the spine. Reputable Chinese fear the shooting may lead to another highbinder war.

SEVERAL FIRES NEAR PHOENIX.

PHOENIX (Ariz.), Aug. 13.—Yester evening fire broke out in E. K. Kellogg's hay barn on his ranch, four miles out of Phoenix, burning the barn, two sheds, implements and \$3000 worth of baled hay. The fire was fought with wet sacks. The water supply became exhausted as Grand Canal has been dry for eight days. Salt River is very low.

Today Bank & Criswell, wealthy citizens near the same place, lost their dwelling with a large amount of provisions and implements valued at \$2,500, and this evening a large amount of property on a dairy ranch near this city was burned. None of the property was insured.

San Diego's Centennial Palm.

SAN DIEGO, Aug. 13.—Some opposition was aroused on receipt of the news that the State World's Fair Commission has accepted the County Executive Committee's offer to transport the centennial palm from the west end of Mission Valley to the World's Fair. The people say the local committee has no authority. A fund has been started to remove the palm to the city park.

David Lubin of Sacramento finds matters of interest here in the historical section of the coming State Fair, and a big collection will be the result of the visit.

Kidnapped Non-union Sailors.

Victoria (B. C.), Aug. 13.—United States Consul Myer has in hand the cases of six non-union sailors of the schooner Robert Louis, who were captured at Port Gamble by union men and sent here under false pretenses with the object of keeping them away under the quarantine regulations. Consul Myer has communicated with Washington on the subject.

FIVE CONVICTS BREAK JAIL.

SALEM (Or.), Aug. 13.—During the night four convicts in the State Penitentiary escaped. They are John Donohoe, serving five years for larceny; John Evans, six years for larceny; Robert Schneider, fifteen years for rape; D. S. Holiday, two years for forgery.

The Waspites strike a Rock.

VICTORIA (B. C.), Aug. 13.—H. M. Waspit, flagship of the Pacific fleet, grazed a rock in Discovery Pass yester-

day morning. She took no water. The extent of the damage is not known. Divers are examining her bottom. The court showed perfectly safe, navigable water where she struck.

TO SAIL UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13.—An interview with President Griscom, of the Inman Line of steamers, this afternoon, confirms the reports heretofore published to the effect that two steamers of that line are to be placed on American register, and that later two large additional vessels will be built, to sail under the American flag, by Cramp & Sons.

VENTURA PEOPLE'S PARTY.

VENTURA, Aug. 13.—The People's party met in convention today. There was a large attendance and a full county ticket was put in the field.

THAT GOLD TRANSFER.

SUPERINTENDENT TROY SAYS IT WAS A TREACHEROUS TRICK.

CHICAGO, Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Superintendent Troy, of the railway mail service, who had charge of the train which carried \$20,000,000 in gold from the Federal sub-treasury in San Francisco to the sub-treasury in New York, arrived here today. He says he has no desire to repeat the experience of the trip and is of the opinion that the Government will not try it again soon. The publication of the fact that the train had started increased the dangers and necessitated increased vigilance. The result was loss of many hours of sleep and constant anxiety and discomfiture. In the front car were so situated that they could see without being seen, and at the same time cover and protect the engineer and fireman with Winchester. The party had two or three bad scares on the trip. At one place in the mountains a railway employee placed a torpedo signal on a train and came near losing his life as a train-wrecker. The guards thinking it dynamite. At another point a number of tramps made a dash to board the train, but beat a precipitate retreat when confronted by a score of double-barreled rifles.

THEY TOOK POISON.

AN INFATUATED TEXAS COUPLE ATTEMPT TO DIE TOGETHER.

FOR WOMN (Tex.) Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Two prominent society people last night attempted suicide by swallowing three grains of morphine. They are Eugene P. Thorne, a traveling salesman for a San Antonio drug house, a married man, and Miss Mary West of Hillsboro, Tex., who has been visiting here several days. The two had fallen desperately in love months ago, but on account of Thorne's family ties they could not marry. Last night they went to the Arlington Inn, represented themselves as man and wife, and were assigned apartments where they took the deadly drug. For nine hours the work of rescue was carried on, and at noon today both are declared out of danger. It caused intense excitement in society circles.

CANADIAN CYCLE RECORDS LOWERED.

TORONTO, Aug. 13.—In the bicycle race here this afternoon, Zimmerman of New York lowered the quarter mile Canadian record for a flying start from 38 seconds to 32 3-5.

IN THE HALF MILE HANDICAP ZIMMERMANN REDUCED THE RECORD.

IN THE HALF MILE HANDICAP ZIMMERMANN REDUCED THE RECORD.

KILLED HIS SISTER'S ASSASSIN.

FOR WOMN (Tex.) Aug. 13.—This morning George Burton was shot and killed by George Meyers, a boy of 17. Burton had attempted to rape the eighteen-year-old sister of Meyers. The boy surrendered and was locked up, but there is little question of his aquittal. Burton was a book agent and had only been in the city a couple of days.

RAILROAD TELEGRAPHS DISINTEGRATED.

SCRANTON (Pa.) Aug. 13.—Representatives of the Order of Telegraphers are in this city, presumably to confer with Grand Master Halstead as to the differences existing between the Delta and Western Railroads.

A DEAD HIGHBLINDER.

KILLED BY ANOTHER HEATHEN IN A PORTLAND LOTTERY DEN.

PORTLAND (Or.), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Chin Bow Bong, a Chinese highbinder, was shot and probably fatally wounded this afternoon in a Chinatown saloon. Thirteen Chinamen are under arrest for complicity in the affair.

IT APPEARS THAT MAY TOOK, A CHINESE BOY, HAD WON \$15 ON A LOTTERY TICKET.

DENVER (Colo.) Aug. 13.—Gen. Gano Dunn, formerly of New York city, who shot himself in the head last night in an attempt to commit suicide, died this afternoon at St. Luke's Hospital. The cause of the act still remains something of a mystery, as the General refused to make any statement before he died.

SCENE OF A POISONED WELL.

LAUREL (Del.) Aug. 13.—John Williams, a colored farm hand, died this afternoon. He is the second victim of a poisoned well on John Rosser's farm, while three others are so ill they cannot recover. More live stock also died today.

SCENE OF A POISONED WELL.

ST. LOUIS' GLOBE-DEMOCRAT.

"Did you ever ride on a locomotive?" asked O. G. Haslam, as he settled his self from his seat on the side of the tundra of the Lindell. "I tried it once and have no desire to repeat the experiment. It was out in Colorado, where you sometimes run so close to bottomless chasms that you could drop your hat into them, and make turns so sharp and sudden that it nearly disjoins your spinal vertebrae. The master mechanic was an old friend of mine and gave me permission to ride over the road on the engine of the opposition. It my preference much, but treated me civilly. We were behind time, the night was as black as Erebus, and the terrific thunderstorm was raging. The engineer was determined to go on in time and the way he rushed around those curves and across cañons was enough to make a man's hair turn gray. The peculiar thing about those mountain engines is that they do not take a curve like any other vehicle. They go plowing straight ahead, until you feel sure that they are clear of the track and suspended in mid air, and then they shoot around and leave you to wonder what miracle you have been saved. The track follows the curve in the orthodox manner, but the structure is so arranged that it consumes more time in making the turn. With the lightning playing about the mountain peaks and half disclosing the frightful gorges and swollen torrents, the great iron Leviathan, swaying and plunging along the slippery, serpentine tracks I first realized the perils of railway travel and the responsibility of the sullen man who kept his hand on the throttle and lay on the track. I stood with my heart in my throat, admiring his nerve, but not admiring his skill. At the first stop I clambered back into the coach and stayed there. The world looks vastly different from the windows of a Pullman than from the cab of the engineer."

MORE FIGHTING IN MOROCCO.

LOMBO, Aug. 13.—A dispatch to the Times from Tangiers stated that the Sultan's troops who were driven back a few days ago from the rebels of the Ang-

## KICKS AT THE KAISER.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ABSOLUTISM VERY UNPOPULAR.

A SOLDIERS' SWIMMING DRILL ATTENDED WITH FATAL RESULTS.

MORE REPORTS OF SLAUGHTER BY ARABS ON THE CONGO.

BOYS CAUSE A DYNA-MITE SCARE AT OSTEND.

MORE FIGHTING IN MOROCCO.

THE AMER PLEASANT WITH GLADSTONE'S TRIUMPH.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TIMES.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 13.—An interview with President Griscom, of the Inman Line of steamers, this afternoon, confirms the reports heretofore published to the effect that two steamers of that line are to be placed on American register, and that later two large additional vessels will be built, to sail under the American flag, by Cramp & Sons.

VENTURA PEOPLE'S PARTY.

VENTURA, Aug. 13.—The People's party met in convention today. There was a large attendance and a full county ticket was put in the field.

THE MAN WHO BLEW UP THE FRISCO MILL AMONG THOSE CAPTURED.

PORTLAND THREATENED WITH ANOTHER HIGHBLINDER WAR.

SEVERAL DISASTROUS FIRES NEAR PHOENIX, ARIZ.—DEATH OF A PROMINENT SAN FRANCISCO MERCHANT—CENTENNIAL PALM.

BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TIMES.

WANDON (Idaho), Aug. 13.—[By the Associated Press.] Co. E, Fourth Infantry, was sent to Fort Mullan last night to arrest Jack Lucy, Black and others who are wanted by the authorities. When near the town they halted for an hour and a feint was made of an intended move in another direction. Suddenly they swooped down on the town and caught six men; all members of the union, among them the man who, it is said, sent the giant powder down the flame which blew up the Frisco mill.

JACK WALLACE HAS BEEN RELEASED ON BONDS OF \$5,000, ONE OF HIS FELLOW-PRISONERS.

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# SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.



PASADENA.

**A Man Arrested for a Most Heinous Crime.**

**A Public Hospital Will Soon Be Forthcoming.**

**Mr. Scoville Generously Subscribes Five Thousand Dollars.**

**Various Items of Local Interest—Some of Today's Church Services—The Local Baseball Club Defeated—Personals and Brevities.**

**Early last evening Marshal Buchanan arrested a man by the name of Chris Juan, who, if half of the charges preferred against him are true, is as bad—or worse—a man as can be found anywhere in the State.**

The prisoner is evidently a bad man from the start. Seven years ago he was not bad but in a feeble condition for some months past, was sent to a hospital in Los Angeles. She remained there for about two months, during which time Juan made repeated attempts to have improper intercourse with his eldest daughter, a girl about 15 years of age. Time after time, according to the girl's story, Juan made his advances and endeavored every possible way to misuse her in an unnatural manner by the use of main force.

While the girl states that he never accomplished his purpose, others who have interviewed themselves in the case think differently.

After the wife of the man had returned from the hospital his actions were made known to some of the neighbors, one of whom, Mr. W. C. T. U., was largely instrumental in bringing his misdeeds to the attention of the officers. In addition to the heinous and wholly unnatural crimes above hinted at, there is good reason to believe that the man is guilty of having his wife cruelly treated and that during beastly states of intoxication he has very badly treated his three children as well. The family resides on Park street, and according to the man's wife, he has been needlessly drunk and has been carrying on high jinks for some time past that need to be suppressed.

The enormity of Juan's crimes are only hinted at above, provided a quarter of what is not as yet known to the truth.

**A PROJECT THOROUGHLY PHILANTHROPIC.**

A meeting of the Pasadena Hospital Association was held yesterday afternoon at the office of A. R. McLean. Most of the officers were present, and the live interest was manifested in the plans and prospects of the organization.

J. W. Scoville, who has been one of the prime movers in the enterprise and who never failed to be a good spokesman, stated that he had purchased a lot on North Raymond avenue, south of Painter and north of Illinois street, and that he is now interesting himself in the purchase of the adjoining lots, in front of the Oakwood, and will make most desirable sites for the hospital, the elevation being high and the surroundings altogether agreeable. The painted cars make the place easy of access.

It was decided that the work of building should not be undertaken until plenty of cash capital is assured. He then made the liberal proposal to donate \$5,000 to the fund provided \$20,000 additional to raise the sum necessary.

The directors are all representative men and as the object is a purely philanthropic one, it cannot fail of success. Everything will be conducted on liberal and at the same time economical lines, and when the hospital comes it will be first-class in every particular. It is well argued that as the beneficiaries will be Eastern tourists mainly, Eastern people can well afford to contribute their mite to the undertaking.

**HOW EIGHTY-THREE DIED.**

A former colored citizen of San Fran, best known to the majority of The Times, returned as "cheap John" and the ex-proprietor of the restaurant which is approached from South Raymond avenue, after a long and painful absence made his appearance yesterday afternoon, arrayed in a new suit of clothes, and with his pockets full of money. A short time after his arrival he still wore the new suit of clothes but the \$82 was missing.

This all resulted from the fact that when Once he left town, he was wanted by the police authorities to answer to a charge of violating one of the city ordinances which bears on the subject of selling liquor. He had not been in town long before the eagle eye of the police detected him, and he was accordingly called summarily to account. The choice was presented him of going to jail or putting up his money for bail, and the alleged offender chose the latter. He accordingly handed over his \$82 as a guarantee that he would appear Monday morning to stand trial before City Recorder Rose.

**CAMP WILSON JOTTINGS.**

Dollar pants are much in vogue. Several new tents are being erected.

The fog was never within 1000 feet of camp.

Fox o'clock tea has recently been instituted.

The mighty bonfires continue a great attraction.

Dr. Lewis has returned to Pasadena.

A grand ball tournament is being arranged.

The circulation of The Times in camp continues to increase.

Frank Summers is expected back this morning from a business visit to the valley.

Several telegrams of camp taken by Jarvis of the San Joaquin have been received.

Late arrivals include the following: F. Cooper, San Gabriel; Palmer T. Reed, El Segundo; L. C. Sturz, San Gabriel; Andrew Lamanda Park, Frank A. Irvin, Donald Irvin, Los Angeles; L. C. Winston, F. R. Harris, Pasadena; L. C. Sturz, San Gabriel; Frank A. Irvin, Los Angeles; D. A. Bryant, Butler, The Palms; A. F. Bryant, Iowa; H. E. Stewart, Miss M. E. Stewart, Los Angeles; Miss Laura Hermeng, Miss Alice Fiedler, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Hale Miner, New London, Ct.; Fred L. Moore, New York; Amelia Gismer, Los Angeles.

**NEW VISITORS FLOCKING IN.**

Ex-City Clerk Campbell walked with a sprightly step and usual yesterday morning in consequence of the arrival of a bouncing boy baby. All the interested parties are doing well at this writing and the military physique of the happy father is more commanding than ever. Good boy, Jimmie.

A pretty little daughter was born yesterday to the wife of Mr. Gantzer, the well-known baker of South Fair Oaks avenue. Everything is happy and doing well.

Congratulations in both of the above cases are numerous.

**A SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.**

Rev. Mr. Garvin, who has just returned

from Redondo, says in connection with the work there: "The Christian Assembly, which has been in session for the past two weeks, closed on Friday evening. Several of the ministers who were at the convention conducted services in the Chautauqua building today. The Assembly will be held at Redondo next year. Holding the annual meeting at the seashore was an experiment this year and was declared a success."

**PASADENA BREVITIES.**

H. J. Vail has returned from a trip. L. J. Rose was in town yesterday morning.

Capt. Bangham of Co. B will spend today at Long Beach.

T. P. Lukens is spending the day on the top of Mt. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Webster are spending Sunday at Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Wetherell leave on Tuesday on an extended Eastern trip.

A. H. Conger and his wife and children spent yesterday at Santa Monica.

Justice H. H. Rose went over to Catalina yesterday afternoon to spend Sunday.

Messrs. Robinson and Deutsch of Sierra Madre were away yesterday's visitors.

A. H. Conger and H. R. Hertel will be among today's tourists to Camp Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Kayser go up to Camp Wilson today to remain for a couple of weeks.

The members of the W.R.C. are arranging for an entertainment to be given some time next month.

Co. B camp at Athletic Park ended yesterday. Some of the boys gained much valuable experience in camp life.

Rev. Mr. Dimasore of Alhambra will speak at the meeting of the W.R.C. at the Chautauqua on Saturday evening.

H. T. H. Rose lead the meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association this afternoon in Strong's Hall, beginning at 3 o'clock. Young men are invited.

It is probable that a large number of Pasadena people will go to Terminal Island today to witness the unusual list of attractions.

Notwithstanding all statements to the contrary, the usual morning service will be held today at the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Mr. Poor of Pomona will preach.

F. Martin Summers, who is rustinating at Camp Wilson, made the descent of the mountains Friday evening. He is looking much improved in health. He returned to Pasadena, and others who would have reported him as dead would have reported him as dead.

The game of baseball between the Sierra Madre and the A. C. Foss nine was played yesterday afternoon at Sierra Madre instead of at Athletic Park as first announced.

The score was 14 to 10 in favor of Sierra Madre.

Rev. E. L. Conger is home again after eight weeks' trip to the Yosemite and Sequoia parks. He will be at the University Club at 11 o'clock this morning.

Rev. T. D. Garvin and wife have returned from their vacation trip to San Francisco. Mr. Garvin will be at the Hotel Redondo on Monday morning.

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# CITY BRIEFS

## NEWS AND BUSINESS

## The Weather.

**U. S. WEATHER OFFICE, LOS ANGELES**  
Aug. 13, 1892.—At 5 p.m. 29.97° at 5 p.m. 29.93°. Thermometer for corresponding hours showed 88° and 76°. Maximum temperature, 85°; minimum temperature, 54°. Character of weather, cloudy.

Having closed out and got entirely rid of his old stock, Smart, the music dealer, has reopened in a new store, No. 329 South Spring street—one door south of the old place. He has chosen a location entirely new goods, embracing everything in the musical instrument and musical merchandise line that may be called for, and the completest stock of 10-cent music ever carried in Los Angeles. He will continue to get his agents to bring him in grand and sterling pianos and as heretofore carry a full line of them. He will be glad to welcome all his old friends to the new store and promises them liberal treatment, low prices and a good stock to select goods from there and the city. Remember the new number—No. 329 South Spring—Smart's music store.

The Southern California Railway (F&G route) makes the following rates on Saturday and Sunday: To Redondo or Santa Monica, \$4 round trip; 40¢ for round trip, \$4 for round trip tickets good returning Monday. A tour of the Kite-Shaped track, \$2.05 Sunday. Round trip to Catalina Island, Saturday and Sunday, \$3.50. Tickets good returning Monday.

In addition to the regular Catalina service the Southern California Railway (Santa F&G route) will, on Sundays only, have a boat leaving at Redondo with the train leaving Los Angeles at 9 a.m. The boat will leave at 12 m., and return, and they can remain there until 6:30 p.m., reaching Los Angeles again at 10:40 p.m. Fare, \$2.50 round trip, tickets good returning Tuesday.

The renowned massuer and hygienic physician, Ludwig Gossmann, has opened his imitative practice at 400 South Broadway, No. 630, South Broadway, between Sixth and Seventh streets. He has opened a Bratiss class institute which enables him to accommodate his patients and customers at once.

Call and see our sets of teeth on celluloid, gold trimmings. Dr. Charles A. Williams, 122½ North Broadway, dentist who has patented his process. "Painless extracting by his famous anesthetic, Spring street, between Third and Fourth streets, opposite Hotel Ramona. Photo on cards.

To Santa Monica, Long Beach or San Pedro, the boat trip is 50 cents, tickets good to the last boat bound for tomorrow. The pleasantest route is by the Southern Pacific Company. It has a convenient, rapid and comfortable train service to all the beaches. The time will be 10:45 a.m. this paper.

**The Assessed Value of Los Angeles County for 1892.**  
The report of the County Auditor to the State Comptroller and Board of Equalization of the assessed valuation of this county for the year 1892 contains the following information:

The valuation of real estate in the city of Los Angeles is \$28,386,010. Improvements thereon \$18,080,875. In the country, \$19,438,810; improvements, \$2,792,545. The personal property, other than money, in this county is valued at \$7,512,420; while the money alone amounts to \$434,862. These amounts reach the very respectable total of \$71,582,822.

The settlement with the State of all the moneys collected from May 2 until August 1 last will be as follows: The County Assessor collected upon personal property \$10,069.56, of which the State gets \$4,008.81. The County Tax Collector collected upon the real estate \$42,959.77. The amount due to the State school sales was \$9,098.07, of which the State gets \$1,970.90. The principal due upon State school lands is \$1,040, and the interest due upon the same is \$498.80. The amount of poll tax collected was \$12,736, of which the State gets \$10,836.10, and the total amount due to the State is, therefore, \$30,407.16.

**A Message to Health.**  
The cause of the stoppage of the Spring street sewer has not yet been ascertained. Several holes have been cut through the pavement, but so far the trouble has not been remedied. There is a marble on the entire route. It is only a twelve-inch pipe, hunting for a needle in a haystack. In the meantime, the vile-smelling water continues to rise in the cellars along the route, to the great annoyance of the tenants, and is a menace to the health of the entire district. The smell is something frightful.

**Again Taken in Charge.**  
Mrs. Anna Warner, the unfortunate woman who was examined some days ago before Judge Smith and declared insane, was again taken in charge and sent to the hospital, where she will be detained until she can be again examined.

Yesterday morning Mrs. Warner went to the police station, where she created such a scene that it became necessary to lock her up. She imagines that her husband is an animal and that the people in the neighborhood are trying to kill him.

There is no question as to her insanity, and she will probably be committed to the asylum this week.

**A New City Map.**  
Koeberle & Morton, surveyors, will issue a revised map of the city of Los Angeles and western suburbs, on a scale of 600 feet to one inch. For the next four weeks any new subdivisions not on record should be sent to their office, No. 704 North Main st.

**The Act of God.**  
(Yours' Companion.)

Henry Irving, the famous actor, whose face has, through advertisement and illustration, become familiar to many people, was one day at a seaside resort, when he noticed a little girl looking at his fixedly.

"Well, my dear," said he, "do you know who I am?"

"Yes, sir," was the shy answer.

"Well, who am I, then?"

"You are one of Beecham's pills."

And, indeed, his face had figured in an advertisement of the nostrum.

**From the Seaside.**  
(Belle Isle, Boston.)

We have just returned from the seashore where seven of our relations, who were spending the year with us, were drowned. The Lord will provide.

The hotel where we stopped had a bill of fare, and we ate in French three times a day. But we settled our bill in English. French ain't good for swearing.

**Medjunks.**

Once more the great actress Matilda will hold enthralled an appreciative audience at the Los Angeles Theater on August 18, at the orchestra society's meeting. Miss Adele O'Melveny, Herr Joseph Ryba and O. S. Taylor are only a few of the other attractions.

**Uniform Prices Prevail.**  
Ice cream and water ices, 5¢ per gal. 45 gal. 45¢ quart. 25¢ made of pure cream; our own made of flavors; clean apples and no second-hand fruit.

According to inside information, the Pullman Palace Car Company is now earning about 20 per cent per annum and carrying more to surplus account every year than it pays out in dividends.

The handsomest wall paper ever seen in this city is the new "Cleveland's" which is a reproduction of the original designs of the famous artist, Mr. W. R. Stewart, 34 North Spring street. Under St. Elmo Hotel.

J. F. Hendon, of this city, who was born within a stone's throw of the residence, and who was personally acquainted with the "grand old man," has arranged to send him a box of fine Bartlett pears. It is believed that the fruit can be got through from Los Angeles to England in about four weeks.

Deputy E. G. Wood, of the County Auditor's office, left for the North last night to make the annual settlement between the

county and the State Comptroller. After disposing of his business he will take a vacation of two weeks, dividing his time between San Francisco, San Jose and Monterey.

The mother of B. M. Leong, secretary of the State Board of Horticulture, died in this city yesterday after a lingering illness. Her death has been expected at any time. Her son, Mr. Leong, has remained at the office of Mr. Leong, came to the city and remained some days, but was called away on urgent business. He was notified yesterday, and at once left San Francisco for the city to attend the funeral.

The agents in the city's office are busy getting the \$350,000 refunding bonds in shape for delivery to the purchasers. There are 640 bonds, each one of which has to be numbered forty-one times. Each bond has then to be signed by the Alton boycotters.

**The Promised Cut in Transcontinental Rates.**

**The Southern Pacific Road Will Fight the Clipper Ships.**

**The Traffic Association Seems to Have Scored a Point.**

**Heavy Business in Seashore Resorts—The Alton Boycotts the Santa Fe—General, Local and Personal Notes.**

**The Chronicle says that the situation in freight rates between New York and San Francisco is clouded with uncertainty and heavy with possibilities, and there are many signs of an impending storm. If the storm comes, as it seems likely to do, it will consist of a general war to the knife by the Southern Pacific Company against the competition of the clipper ships which have recently become such a disturbing element. Clipper ships, as the sailing vessels plying regularly between these two ports and taking miscellaneous cargoes are called, have kept the through rail rates down for a long time, but an understanding has existed all along which preserved peace and the prosperity of the Southern Pacific Company through business next winter will be truly as good as it was last.**

**The Chicago and Alton has sent out notices to the various railroad agents throughout the country stating that it will be bound to Denver, reading by way of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad. It used to be that the Alton was the boycotted road, and now it is taking a hand in the boycotting business.**

**The San Francisco Chronicle says editorially, that the San Francisco and Great Salt Lake Railroad Company is extremely reticent about its plans and movements, we think, too much so for its own best interests, but all the news that can be obtained about it is very encouraging. The legal proceedings relative to incorporation and subsequent matters are understood to be completed, or nearly so, and the statement is made that a public invitation for subscriptions to the capital stock of the road will be issued almost immediately.**

**GENERAL FARM NOTES.**

**One tree in the orchard of J. S. Briggs on the avenue has produced 4200 pounds of fine apricots. Ed L. Barnard, the able manager, says he has superintended the picking of the fruit and there is no mistake about it. The tree is 20 years old and is one of many which has done nearly as well.—Santa Paula Chronicle.**

**A. E. Newby will make a small fortune this season out of Ventura apricots. It is said that he bought 2000 tons, for which he paid \$15 a ton, or \$30,000. He will make 380 tons of dried fruit, worth \$240 a ton. After making expenses he will doubtless clean up \$30,000 or \$40,000 out of the venture.—Free Press.**

**Capt. J. S. Garcia has a prune orchard of five acres that will bring him the nice little sum of \$2000 this year. He has been offered \$10 a ton for the crop, and the general estimate is that he will get \$12 a ton.**

**As has been reported before, the Southern Pacific Company, which is bound by agreement as a member of the Western Traffic Association and the Transcontinental Association to maintain rates agreed upon, applied for permission to reduce rates on certain classes of freight. The other members of the Western Traffic Association almost unanimously voted against it by letter, and the company then appealed to the commissioners of the association, who in such cases constitute a board of arbitration. A decision may be given in a week or two.**

**The meeting of the Transcontinental Association in New York on the 24th inst. will consider the same proposal.**

**What agreement is reached, and what agreement or disagreement may be arrived at cannot be prophesied. Many roads are indirectly interested, for a slashing of rates from New York to San Francisco will affect the business of many interior roads, as shipments would be diverted from their ordinary course toward the line of least expense, and rail transportation generally would be disorganized. There are indications, however, that if the associations will not consent to the fight and join with the Southern Pacific in it, the latter company will cut loose and go to slashing on its own hook. This would require a special notice of withdrawal in a week or two.**

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ELEVENTH YEAR.

## PEASANT RUSSIA.

A Look at Russia's Half Million Peasant Villages.

The Land of the Czar and its Republican Government.

Something About the Village Asses- biles and Their Judges.

The Freedom of the Serfs and How More Than Forty Millions Were Liber- ated from the Chains of Bondage.

Tambov (Russia), July 28, 1892.—[Special Correspondence of The Times.] I write this letter in the heart of the great black plain of Russia. I am two days' ride by rail south of Moscow, in the rugged little city of Tambov, and I have been traveling for days through some of the richest lands on the face of God's green earth. This black plain extends from Poland far into Siberia. It is flat as a floor, as rich as guano and as black as your hat. Its soil is made up of decomposed vegetable matter, and it makes me think of the richest fields of Kansas, which Senator Ingalls once told me were so good that you could thrust your arm down into them up to the shoulder and pull out from



Peasant pilgrim.

the bottom handfuls of black earth as rich as that of the Valley of the Nile. This soil of the black plain is an almost natural manure. It pulverizes easily and it ranges all the way from three to five feet deep. It is the garden of Russia, and it has been called the granary of Europe. For hundreds of years it has produced the richest of crops with no scientific farming, and today it is loaded with grain which has been produced by sowing the seed after merely scratching its surface with wooden plows. This plain is of vast extent, and it could, if half cultivated, supply all Europe with food, but it forms the greatest competitor of the United States in the markets of the world today. It comprises, I am told, nearly 800,000 square miles, or more than twice the area of the Atlantic States from Maine to Florida, and more than the aggregate area of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Kentucky. At present only a small proportion of it is farmed, and the great bulk of it is left as the most undeveloped country on earth today. If the conditions here were the same as they are in the United States in respect to government and the rights of property, all the emigration of Europe would pour into Russia and Siberia, and the markets and financial condition of all the world would be changed.

## FACTS ABOUT RUSSIA.

In order to get any idea of the Russian empire and its people one must get out of the cities and travel off into the country. The Russia of today is an agricultural country, and it is among the peasants that you find the elements that are to affect the world in the future. There are more than 100,000,000 of these peasants, and it is an interesting study to look at them and the vast areas of land they have to work with. Russia in Europe is an empire in itself. I have already traveled weeks in going over a small part of it, and its magnificent distances are like those of the United States. It has about two-thirds of the land and the whole United States and this land is a vast plain hemmed in by the Ural Mountains on the east, running from the Baltic Sea to the Black Sea and the Caspian, and nowhere having any hills more than 1100 feet high. Such hills as there are few, and they lie north of the center of the country and make a watershed, so that from them by the most gradual fall the water runs from these both north and south. Russia is well watered, and great rivers cut their way through the land, giving her irrigation and transportation facilities. The irrigation is not, but begun, but the rivers and canals have for generations formed almost the only means of shipping goods throughout the country. It is wonderful how cheap freight is and how far-reaching this water communication is. The Volga is as big as the Mississippi and it is 2800 miles long. It runs through the eastern part of European Russia, and it has such branches that it forms a trade artery for central and South Russia and Siberia. It is connected by canal with the Neva and goods can be taken by water from Astrakhan to St. Petersburg, and by hundreds of its branches and connections can be shipped from the Baltic to the most out of the way regions of the country. The Don, which flows into the Black Sea, runs for part of its course not far from the Volga, and there are 2' half dozen navigable rivers which go into the Black Sea. North Russia is filled with lakes and streams, and it is only in the south that the lack of water is felt. Here in the great black plain a drought causes bad crops, and it was a series of droughts that brought about the famine of this year. This, however, might have been avoided by deeper plowing, for I am told that wherever the farmers plowed as deep as we do they had excellent crops.

## RUSSIA'S FOUR LAND ZONES.

This part of Russia is known as the black land zone, and one gets some idea of the country in looking at it in such divisions. There is as much difference in the climate of this land as there is difference in that of the various parts of the United States, and in St. Petersburg I wore two suits of underclothing and an overcoat, while here I am roasting in my shirt sleeves. Northern Rus-

sia is covered with forests, and the Czar has probably more wood than all the rest of Europe put together. From the Baltic to Moscow there is little else than forests. There are vast woods through which you might wander for hours and hours, and of course you never find any signs of habitation, and which are not penetrated by railroads, and I traveled for hours from Petersburg to Moscow through woods more wild than any in America. This is known as the forest zone of Russia. It includes more than 400,000,000 acres, and taken in the mass of the northern part of Russia in Europe. Below this zone of forests comes this black land zone where I now am, and below this and running parallel with it across Russia is the arable steppes zone, which is bringing forth good crops, but which needs more to help it, and in which its character is more like that of the Western prairies. It is not large for sowing, and it grows wild grasses which are often seven and eight feet high. This zone has as much land as Texas, and it is said that Texas could feed the whole United States. I am told that the soil in that part of Russia is much like that of Texas, and when Russia is well opened up by railroads this zone will be an important factor in the agricultural markets of the world. As it is now only about one-tenth of even the black lands' region is cultivated and Russia already supplies the greater part of the food of Europe. Germany and the other countries of the continent have been much affected by the prohibition of the grain exports of Russia during the famine, and it is this more than anything else that has set the Germans to studying and experimenting on our corn to see if they cannot get some combination of corn and rye which will feed their army and leave them independent of Russia. As it is they have been getting a large proportion of their rye from Russia and rye is the staple bread food of the Germans.

HOW RUSSIAN LANDS ARE DIVIDED.

The land laws of Russia are far different from those of the United States, and the land is divided up in a way that is not known elsewhere. The Czar owns more than half of all the lands of the empire and a great part of the vast forests of Russia belong to the crown. These forests are managed by the officers of the crown, and wood from them is cut by the peasants either for wages or on speculation. The crown has something like 30,000,000 acres of forests, and it has a vast area of land which is leased out and which brings a regular yearly revenue. The most of its lands lie in the northern part of the country and a large per cent of them are unproductive.

Next to the Czar come the peasants, who own about 27 per cent, or only a little more than a fourth of European Russia, and the great bulk of this land is mortgaged to the state and is being paid for on the installment plan. This peasant land is owned not by individuals but by villages in common, and these villages have assumed the debt for the land which was assessed upon them at the time that the serfs were freed by Alexander II, and they work the lands in common, dividing them up among themselves, and it is a fact that he is giving any one a few steps this way or that portion, but only allowing him the use of it for a limited period. There are more than 800,000,000 acres of land held in this way in different parts of Russia, or enough land to make eight States the size of Ohio or Kentucky. This land is held by about 38,000,000 owners and the average amount of land held by each of these Russian peasants is less than thirteen acres. In the rich lands the average is much smaller than this and about Tula the Countess Tolstoy told me that it was not more than three acres per person.

## FOOT NOTES.

The Russian nobility, who used to own nearly all of this peasant land and who a generation ago had the peasants as their serfs or half slaves, are growing poorer and poorer. They received pay for their lands which were given to the peasants on a basis of a 6 per cent revenue value of them. But they have

ment and who are dissatisfied with their condition. It is known as the land of nihilism and it is thought by many that the peasants are among the nihilists. This is a mistake. Such nihilistic elements as exist do not belong to the peasantry at all and the nihilists, the officials and the nobility form but a drop in the bucket of this great Russian population. The town and the city people number but a few millions and the great bulk of the people live in little villages. These villages constitute the real Russia and the Russia out of which is to come the Russia of the future. Of the 120,000,000 subjects of the Czar less than 20,000,000 live in towns, and

they are allotted until the next division, when they revert to the village to be given out to the same persons or to others as the assembly may see fit. This assembly fixes the dates of harvesting, the time of sowing crops and it makes all arrangements as to the collection of taxes. The government of the Czar taxes the village a lump sum and this assembly appropriates this tax among those who should pay it. No one can leave the village without the permission of the assembly or without leaving behind him a guarantee in some shape or other that he will be paid and a dragoon, a foot-forcing, is voted out of the village entirely and his share of the village lands goes back to the village. Each village elects two petty judges who settle all small suits relating to sums of less than \$8 and petty quarrels, and larger suits are settled up to a certain amount by a higher court elected by a fixed number of villages and formed into an assembly called "the volost." Every thousand people among the peasants have one of these assemblies and the different villages making up the thousand elect delegates to them, and all disputes among the people of these villages are brought before this assembly and decided.

The head of the volost, however, is limited. It cannot try cases of more than \$50, nor can it imprison for more than seven days. In addition to these two petty courts there are trials by jury, and these are courts made up partly by judges appointed by the Czar and partly by those elected by the people, and an appeal can be taken from this to the higher courts at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The village assembly is called the mir, the assembly made up of enough villages to comprise 1000 people in the volost, and above this there is in each district a third assembly of delegates elected by the nobility, the towns and the villages of the district, and this assembly is called the sennost, and its business is to take care of the roads of the district, to see that proper provisions are made against famine, to attend to educational matters and to look after matters in which all the people of the district are interested. These Russian districts are a good deal like our counties, and there are a number of them in each province, which last is presided over by a governor and his council, appointed by the Czar. It will be thus seen that the people of Russia have a home rule system of their own like ours, only now in that the most minor matters are managed by it. A Russian peasant can buy land if he has the money, but the most of them have no property outside of that they own in common with their village, and the only estate the average peasant has is the little thatched hut which covers an area about twenty feet square. They stick, however, very closely to the common property and will do anything rather than lose their interest in the village to which they belong. Strange to say, they are by no means anxious to hold office and they consider an election as a curse and a blessing. Their village assemblies and elections take place in the open air in one long street of the village and they discuss matters relating to their crops and their government among themselves. They do not realize, however, that they might go any further than they have gone in the way of government and they look upon the decrees of the Czar something as they do on the laws of nature or those of God, which could not possibly be changed.

## A NATION OF SERFS.

The Russians resent the insinuation that their serfs were slaves, but the truth is they were little more than that, and it is not long since they were bought and sold. They were, perhaps, in a little better condition than our negroes at the time of the beginning of the war, but not very much so, and in looking at the Russia of today it must be remembered modern Russia has not yet lived quite one generation. It was born during our late civil war, when the Czar of his own free will took the bondage off of 47,000,000 of people.

We think we did a big thing in freeing our 8,000,000, but Russia at the same time freed nearly 50,000,000 and organized a system by which they could pay for their lands and themselves. They were given a part of the lands of their masters and this not in the shape of individual plots, but as villages, and the villages, and not as individuals, are responsible for them.

The peasant villages are very rich, and they own not only great tracts of leased lands, but also their property and business blocks. One of the great streets in Moscow is owned almost altogether by the monasteries, who hold on to their investments as the Catholic Church does to that which it owns in some of our cities and who understand how to get good rents and good profits from their estates.

## RUSSIAN VILLAGERS.

not made money out of their sales, and they are gradually selling what they have left, and in the future Russia may some time become a land of small proprietors. As it is they still have a vast deal of real estate, and I have traveled through the farms of nobles where you could ride all day on horseback at a good Russian speed, which is about the fastest in the world, and not get to the end of their estates. Almost all of the nobles are extravagant. Some of them are as poor as church mice, and to be noble in Russia is no sign of a long pedigree, great wealth or a great amount of education. There are more than 100,000 nobles in the empire, and of these a little over 100,000 are landholders, and of these the average holding is less than 3000 acres. Since the serfs were freed the merchant class has been rising in Russia, and though the nobles now, and then speak of them rather sneeringly they are rapidly acquiring wealth. This class already owns areas which aggregate a territory equal to that of the State of Indiana, and other lands are held by private companies and by the churches and monasteries.

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## A NATION OF PHASANTS.

Russia, we hear of this country only as the land of the Czar or as the possessions of the autocrat of all the Russias, and until this year few people have looked upon it as much else than an ordinary European country filled with an oppressed and rather turbulent people. It was supposed and largely is supposed today to be filled with peasants who are plotting against their govern-

ment in it, and made up of one member to every five houses, and these men manage the affairs of the village. The village, you know, owns the land and this assembly divides this from time to time among the people, giving each family a certain number of acres according to the number in it and according to its working power. After such a division the lands are left with the families to which

## THE LION AND THE TIGER.



LOS ANGELES, SUNDAY, AUGUST 14, 1892.—SIXTEEN PAGES.

## BIERJUNGE.

The Beer Duel of the German Student.

How the Merry Mait Battle is Fought and Won.

In One Time and Three Motions— "One, Two, Three—Drink."

The Ethics of the Combat—Strict Discipline and Great Fun—The Most Notable Beer-drinking Match on Record.

and pour the mild liquid down their throats without once making use of the palpit or swallowing organ, and the beer would flow just as easily as if it were being poured through a funnel into a tub and with as much after effect.

As a rule these drinking contests are harmless, but they are not without a spice of danger, and on several occasions death has been the result. The more orderly and sensible fellows refrain from these rather nonsensical exhibitions of drinking skill, but among the younger ones a student who has the power of demolishing more beer and in less time than his associates is looked up to as something like a little god, for the highest ambition of a fresh student, age, and even of most of the older fellows is to become a noted fighter and drinker.

One of the most notable beer battles, however, that I am acquainted with took place at Göttingen in 1894.

Twelve young students who aspired to their ambiguous reputes as great beer-drinkers and every one of whom asserted that he could drink more than the other, determined to decide the momentous question by a Homeric beer-drinking contest. Nothing was talked of for days before the coming combat, and several hundred students assembled in the large, decorated hall to witness the great event. Punctually at 7 p.m. the twelve young fellows took their places at a specially arranged table. A president and vice-president were elected, a young student was appointed to wait upon each of the contestants, behind every one of whom stood a cask of beer containing about 120 large glasses of beer; then a time



Some village children.

the towns of Russia are numbered by hundreds. There are comparatively only a few large cities. St. Petersburg is as big as Philadelphia, Moscow is about the size of Boston, Warsaw is as big as St. Louis, and Odessa is a little bigger than Cleveland. In addition to these there are a few cities of 100,000 each and then about 300 cities ranging from 10,000 up to 50,000 and about 1000 cities from 5000 to 100,000 in size. There are, however, more than 500,000 peasant villages, and these villages contain the vast peasant population of Russia, which forms nearly one-tenth of the population of the globe. This immense number of people impresses me more and more every day, and I begin to realize what these numbers may mean to us. If all the men and women and children on this big round earth could be collected together one in every ten of them would be a Russian peasant, and of all the land upon the earth they

are allotted until the next division, when they revert to the village to be given out to the same persons or to others as the assembly may see fit. This assembly fixes the dates of harvesting, the time of sowing crops and it makes all arrangements as to the collection of taxes. The government of the Czar taxes the village a lump sum and this assembly appropriates this tax among those who should pay it. No one can leave the village without the permission of the assembly or without leaving behind him a guarantee in some shape or other that he will be paid and a dragoon, a foot-forcing, is voted out of the village entirely and his share of the village lands goes back to the village. Each village elects two petty judges who settle all small suits relating to sums of less than \$8 and petty quarrels, and larger suits are settled up to a certain amount by a higher court elected by a fixed number of villages and formed into an assembly called "the volost." Every thousand people among the peasants have one of these assemblies and the different villages making up the thousand elect delegates to them, and all disputes among the people of these villages are brought before this assembly and decided.

The head of the volost, however, is limited.

The assembly of the volost, however, is limited. It cannot try cases of more than \$50, nor can it imprison for more than seven days. In addition to these two petty courts there are trials by jury, and these are courts made up partly by judges appointed by the Czar and partly by those elected by the people, and an appeal can be taken from this to the higher courts at St. Petersburg and Moscow. The village assembly is called the mir, the assembly made up of enough villages to comprise 1000 people in the volost, and above this there is in each district a third assembly of delegates elected by the nobility, the towns and the villages of the district, and this assembly is called the sennost, and its business is to take care of the roads of the district, to see that proper provisions are made against famine, to attend to educational matters and to look after matters in which all the people of the district are interested. These Russian districts are a good deal like our counties, and there are a number of them in each province, which last is presided over by a governor and his council, appointed by the Czar. It will be thus seen that the people of Russia have a home rule system of their own like ours, only now in that the most minor matters are managed by it. A Russian peasant can buy land if he has the money, but the most of them have no property outside of that they own in common with their village, and the only estate the average peasant has is the little thatched hut which covers an area about twenty feet square. They stick, however, very closely to the common property and will do anything rather than lose their interest in the village to which they belong. Strange to say, they are by no means anxious to hold office and they consider an election as a curse and a blessing. Their village assemblies and elections take place in the open air in one long street of the village and they discuss matters relating to their crops and their government among themselves. They do not realize, however, that they might go any further than they have gone in the way of government and they look upon the decrees of the Czar something as they do on the laws of nature or those of God, which could not possibly be changed.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A Reasonable Request.

Mr. Pitman (of Peoria). My dear sir, you have saved my daughter from drowning at the risk of your life. Is there anything I can do to show my gratitude?

Stranger. Aw—you might—stop wearing a high hat—and a sack coat—aw—together.

Another Case.

[Puck.]

In a hammock, in the orchard, Swung I with my darling Grace; There was danger of her falling, So I held her 'round the waist.

Just above a rose apple Hung quite fast upon the tree. "See that apple, dearest Charlie! Get it then," said Grace to me.

So I swung the hammock higher, Reached—ah, it's another case! For just then I lost my grace And like Adam fell from Grace.

A Fall in Reely State.

[Life.]

California Fruit-growing.

Something we hear our Eastern visitors grumble on account of the high price of the fruit lands of this section, where we consider what may be produced upon them. The price of fruit, however, is not high. A recent number of the Ventura Observer, in speaking of the fruit interests of that section, says:

One tree in the orchard of J. S. Briggs on the avenue has produced this year two tons and two hundred pounds of fine, good sized apricots. Ed Barnard, the manager, says that the trees are not yet ripe, and is waiting to take his crop in the above. The tree is twenty years old. Mr. Briggs is giving employment at his Montalvo ranch to 130 people, who are getting from \$1.50 to \$3 per day. Five or six hundred boxes daily are sent from 300 to 400 boxes daily.

This picture will hold good in most of the great fruit ranches of Southern California during the fruit harvest season, for fruit-growing is one of our great productive interests, although by no means the only source of wealth to the California agriculturist.

## EDITORS IN POLITICS.

## Great Men of the Press in Council.

## Famous Journalists Who Have Been Skilled in Statecraft.

## James Watson Webb, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond.

## James Gordon Bennett and Thurlow Weed. How the New York Herald Swung Into Line for the Union.

Contributed to The Times.

The nomination of Whitelaw Reid for the Vice-Presidency and the conspicuous victory which Henry Watterson obtained when he pleaded before the Democratic national convention for the adoption of a certain plank in the platform, suggest some of those earlier victories which the political editors obtained.

It has been said that the modern tendencies of journalism led away from the pathway of personal influence which some of the editors of the past so successfully trod. But the successes of Mr. Reid and Mr. Watterson suggest that after all personal influence is not



James Watson Webb.

circumscribed by reason of newspaper association.

On the return from one of the conventions of party of men of influence were sitting in a parlor car and speaking of the various ways of political activities in the past. Many of these men were in the youth of old age and their recollections carried them back to the time when the Whig party was winning and losing Presidential battles between 1840 and 1852. That was the day when the political editor was also a man of great personal influence and in the recollection of these men no one was more prominent than Gen. James Watson Webb. He was the Whig editor who, with Horace Greeley, represented the principles and policy of that great party. Gen. Webb was, probably, the most devoted adherent that Henry Clay had in the United States.

As editor of the Courier and Enquirer he was a man of power in the party, but to have would have been powerful had he possessed no newspaper organ with which to fight his battles. He was an impetuous, enthusiastic, aggressive and energetic man. He loved a battle, but he fought fair. He had plenty of personal courage, and when he went out on the field to accept personal responsibility for something he had said he was as cool as though he were one of a happy party at a picnic. He received the bullet of his opponent almost without flinching, and went to prison defiantly with a smile on his face and encouraged by the devotion of his friends. Pardoned out of prison within a few hours after his incarceration, he took up the editorial pen with as much enthusiasm as though he had been away upon a vacation, and never lost any prestige by reason of this duel. Gen. Webb was essentially a politician, and not an editor as the term is now understood, just as Horace Greeley was a great political writer, orator and lecturer, but was compelled to rely upon his journalistic interest and capacity to make the "Herald" a great newspaper, as it was a great organ.

Gen. Webb took upon his paper some time in the forties a young man who had served an apprenticeship as reporter and newspaper writer upon the Tribune. He was a very bright young man, and the first of that long list of men who have had splendid achievement as reporters and writers upon the New York press. This was Henry J. Raymond. Through some misunderstanding with Mr. Greeley he had quitted the Tribune, and he became Gen. Webb's right-hand

and it was a joy to the old man to know that he was the progenitor of a family which gave promise of great distinction.

Horace Greeley, although perhaps the most conspicuous of the political editors of the past, certainly the most powerful of the Whig editors, was yet never able to gain but one elective office. He was chosen to fill out the unexpired term of a member of Congress, and his brief career in the House did not indicate that he would be as successful in political life as he had been in the political papers. He wanted to be Lieutenant-Governor, and the nomination went to Henry J. Raymond, whom Greeley at that time particularly detested, and upon whom he then fixed the soubriquet of "Little Villain." Afterward he was ambitious to become the candidate of his party for the Governorship and for the United States Senate, and he was defeated in both these aspirations. Then he wrote a letter which was famous and has become traditional, in which he announced the dissolution of the partnership of Weed, Seward & Greeley. But it had not succeeded in securing the dissolution, and he had the power to balk the ambitions of some of those who had thwarted him, and when he appeared in the Chicago convention of 1860 as a delegate with the proxy of one who had been sent from Oregon, Thurlow Weed well understood what motive actuated him, and that he was there for no other purpose than to secure the defeat of Mr. Seward before the convention. It is too much to say that he did secure this defeat alone, but he aided those others who were bound to defeat Seward.

Unexpectedly there came to Mr. Greeley the nomination for the Presidency of the Liberal Republican party, and he accepted upon a condition ticket in 1872. In the campaign he revealed extraordinary ability upon the stump. He made a series of speeches which are oratorical gems, and although he lost the Presidency he gained great fame by reason of the ability displayed in these addresses which are models of pure English and of argumentative speech.

Of Mr. Raymond Thurlow Weed used to say that he would have been a great politician had he not been an editor, and would have been a very great editor had he not been a politician. Mr. Weed meant that Raymond's political inclinations and his editorial zeal were not entirely given up, but that he was still concentrating his mind upon gaining the highest success in either one of these careers. At such times as Mr. Raymond turned his back upon politics and seemed disposed to use to the utmost his talents for the benefit of his newspaper, his great gifts as a journalist were made evident. On the other hand when he seemed to be absorbed by political zeal his successes in that direction were great. To him much of the work of organizing the new Republican party was committed. He was the central figure of its first convention in 1856. He wrote its platform so that the declaration of that party of its principles and purposes as they stand on record was formulated by Mr. Raymond.

He afterward served in Congress and his peculiar political ability was then demonstrated. His friends have always felt that he made one error as a politician, and that was when he conceived and consummated the "Arm-in-arm" convention, which was a futile and at it now seems a ridiculous attempt to organize a national party in sympathy with the public policy of Andrew Johnson while President.

What Mr. Raymond might have done either in politics or journalism had he been born only a little before he reached his prime has always been a matter of interesting conjecture with prominent men in New York who knew him well. Some of these men think that he would have been found in

his old age Mr. Weed used to speak with something of quiet glee of a victory which he thought in some respects was the greatest he ever achieved. Mr. Bennett in the New York Herald was antagonized with all his power the administration of Mr. Lincoln, and Lincoln was very anxious that it should be stopped. He sent for Weed to ask him how it could be done, and Weed replied that he could not himself, he feared, be of any service, as he had not been on speaking terms with Mr. Bennett for many years.

"But," said President Lincoln, "I want you to go and see him. I want you to tell him how I feel, discuss this matter with him, say that the Union is in peril, and that the peril is all the greater because of the powerful influence of the Herald, which is exerted against my efforts to maintain the Union."

"Mr. Lincoln was wise enough to see," Mr. Weed used to say when he was relating this story, "that he offered to buy Bennett's support, the editor would despise him."

In such cases of repudiation, an interview was arranged with Mr. Bennett at Fort Washington. The two editors walked about the place after lunch, and then Mr. Weed pleaded with Mr. Bennett, and in the name of Mr. Lincoln urged him to throw the influence of the Herald in favor of all efforts which were being made to preserve the Union. Bennett asked many questions but gave no intimation as to his purpose. A few days later the Herald came out in a noble editorial urging every patriot to forget past differences and to give the President all support, moral and material, that was possible. A few months later Mr. Lincoln offered Mr. Bennett the mission to France. The great editor was greatly pleased at such recognition, although he declined the offer.

Mr. Weed used to say that this, perhaps, was the most difficult battle he ever fought and won. It was also his idea in his old age that the modern developments of journalism which were beginning to be felt about the time of his death. Others are of the opinion that as he grew older he would have been tempted to abandon active journalistic life and to have made a great personal career in politics. But those who knew Mr. Raymond best believed that he could not have changed his nature so as to concentrate his talents for any long continued period without some direction. He would, to the end of his days have been for a time a politician and then again for another time an editor.

The Brooks brothers were conspicuous political editors for more than forty years. They came from a little town in Maine, became the owners of the New York Express and were personally of greater influence with their party than their newspaper was. James was the most dashing, brilliant, aggressive; Erastus had more of the diplomatic quality. James served for many years in Congress, and was at last called to be his half brother to receive the empire of the States. This dishonor was the sad climax of a career which had been brilliant and successful, and James Brooks did not long survive it. Erastus Brooks was sometimes a member of Congress and sometimes a member of the State Senate. He lived to enjoy a serene old age, and long enough to see the newspaper property which he had created become the possession of one of the most romantic characters of American commercial life, Cyrus W. Field.

William Cullen Bryant, although more famous as a poet than as an editor, yet was a man of the highest political editors of this country. He sought no office for himself, nor was he a journalist in the modern meaning of the term, but he was a political controversialist of great power, and his editorship of the Evening Post lasted for a longer period than did the connection of any other of the famous editors with the newspapers which they controlled.

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Gen. Webb was active in political affairs after he quitted newspaper work, and in recognition of his services and ability he was sent, after he became an old man, as minister to one of the South American countries.

Gen. Webb, while very proud of his share in the success and of the achievements of its successor, the Republican party, yet perhaps in his old age was prouder of the splendid promise which his son gave of worthily maintaining his name.

He lived long enough to see them gain recognition as men of ability and force,

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He lived long enough to see them gain

## THE SENATORIAL HOODOO

## Is it a Political Superstition, or Fact?

## Senators Do Not Step from the Chamber to the White House.

## Illustrations to Prove Roscoe Conkling's Idea.

## Defeated Ambitions of Senators—"Unhealthy" Candidates—Reasons for the Obstacle—Lincoln's Shrewdness.

## Contributed to The Times.

When Gov. David B. Hill of New York consented to accept the nomination of his party for the United States Senatorship, some persons who carry superstition into politics, declared that he had done something which would make it impossible for him to get the Presidency in 1892. Gov. Hill was himself told of that fatality, which, since the beginning has followed the aspirations of Senators to become President. He is, however, a man given to no superstitions, and he smiled when they told him that no man had ever stepped from the Senate chamber to the White House, excepting those who had

been chosen for the office.

In 1832 the Senate chamber

was the Senate chamber. And striking as this record is, it is less impressive than another which may well supplement it.

THE UNHEALTHY CANDIDATES.

Up to the year 1824, with the exception of the election of 1800, the Presidential succession was pretty well indicated for months before the election.

Thus every one knew that Madison would succeed Jefferson, and that Monroe would follow Madison. In 1824 the situation was such that it was a free field, and the Senate offered candidates.

William Henry Crawford, one of the ablest and purest men ever sent from the South to a seat in the Senate, was a most prominent candidate, and had been formally placed in nomination.

Henry Clay, also a member of the Senate, was a candidate and so had Andrew Jackson. Here, there were three Senators standing for the people as candidates, while John Quincy Adams, not a member of the body, and believed by politicians of that day to be the weakest of candidates, and one least likely to receive the election, secured the prize, although the people made no choice; the House of Representatives was compelled to elect. He who was seemingly the weakest candidate beat the Senators in the end.

In 1832 the Senate again furnished candidates.

They were Hugh L. White of Tennessee, a man of splendid intellect and of such repute that he was chosen for the office.

Millard Fillmore met in a joint debate with the Senate.

Lincoln set a trap for Douglas.

His friends derided, saying, "Ah, but Douglas answers the question in his way."

"The people say, 'but if he answers it in that way, if he takes that he may go to the Senate, but he never can become President.'

Douglas did so answer it and became Senator; Lincoln stayed out of the Senate and became President, beating for the Presidential nomination the most conspicuous Senator of his party, William H. Seward.

The political misfortunes of Senator Hill are likely to renew interest in this mysterious law which seems to have developed in the Senate with respect to Presidential aspirations.

E. JAY EDWARDS.

In 1840 the indications pointed to a victory for the Whig party at the National election. Therefore most earnest effort was made to secure the nomination of his party for Henry Clay, a member of the Senate, yet in spite of his popularity and the mighty enthusiasm in which the mention of his name now stands, it was not secured. The convention refused to make him a Senator, but they took in his place the clerk of a pretty cousin Ohio, Gen. Harrison, and made him President.

In 1844 Mr. Clay became a candidate, but the country then went to the private citizen Polk, permitting Clay to remain until death called him in the Senate chamber. In 1848, when his party won, he was still left in the Senate.

No Democrat of his generation had greater influence in the Senate than Lewis Cass, and when his party nominated him for the Presidency in 1848 it seemed to a Senator, but they took in his place the clerk of a pretty cousin Ohio, Gen. Harrison, and made him President.

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In 18



Hessian bug-fighters over here and guarantees to wipe out the last lingering scale bug on the slope or two questions asked. As he is an old campaigner, according to his thousand scars in seen in various kinds of bug fights in the past, and as he now has a command that is sognomaned in the most stupendous and appalling style, there is no reason in the Lord's world, that the Eagle can think of, why he shouldn't have victory perching on his banners with both feet.

Now let the fight go on, and by the Eagle's halidome and pen feathers that may, the battle be to the bugs or the bug-eaters that are stitit to live!

\*s

Say, there!  
I'm Grover C.  
And I reckon it is  
Time to write

Another letter to somebody.  
But that

Way

Didn't he sail his old  
Galleon

Up here by  
Gray Gables

And

Quit a kickin'!  
Don't Dave know

That I said

To Bill Whitney

For to say

To them Tammany  
Tigers they

Could just

Have the earth,  
But I must

Have their votes,  
Cuss

I want New York  
And

Must have it.

Talk about fish!  
I ain't fishing any,

I am just loaing

Around

B. Bay, trying to  
Get things

Quiet soit

I can write a  
Letter to Hobb Hoy:

Or some other

Cuss

That will  
Make the eyes

Hot U. S.

Just bulge out.

I'c can

Keep those lit papers  
In England from a  
Whoopin' of me up

I have got a show

To win again,

Because

That fool fellow

Murchison

Out at Pomona,

Where they haven't much

But climate,

Can't do me up

A second time!

But drat the crops—

They're training

Out to beat

Anything since

The war

And they make

Me shudder.

Then Adali, he had

To go and get

Full

And raise — on

The Wabash—

Also on his

Watch—and between

Things I wish

There wasn't a

Cussed

Thing in the world to do

Be it stay

Right out here

With little Ruth

And

Just fish!

## GOWNS OF GIRLS.

### Dress at a Great English Coast Resort.

#### The Gay Promenade and What is Worn There.

#### America Sets an Occasional Fashion for the English.

#### Girls Bstrapless Like Mummies—A Stuning Garment of Electric Blue Wool—The Princess Marie's Diaper Gown.

SCARBOROUGH (England), Aug. 1.—[Special Correspondence from THE TIMES.] Greenward of old Yorkshire! Aire fine as wine! Gayest dress of London, and out yonder the northern ocean storming over rugged rocks! It is the Newport of the North, where the sun sets a long day above the horizon and leaves an almost endless twilight lingering behind.

Here on this wild coast, where Odin rules; where fierce winds blow and Thor's hammer beats ceaselessly and all the sea gods dwell, here is a sheltered bay, a little basin set apart by the gods for men; where there is peace and calm and gentle breezes. This is Scarborough, and here in August, to troll or to trifle, as the latest word has it, merrie England.

The English lay out their summer gayeties in successive installments, each with a different subject, like a series of magazine articles on a science. They begin with the Derby races, then comes Ascot, the Henley regatta follows, next is the yachting at Cowes, then Scarborough, and Scotland makes the wind-up in the fall. It is a good-natured merrymong-round, in which the socially high and low mingle more freely than with us, or so it appears to me, and England seems one great picnic ground the summer through.

A large part of the picnic is enveloped not in a shawl, and forms a most picturesque tableau. Here bards are forever playing; horsemen and horse-women are forever galloping to and fro; happy feet are forever dancing in the twilight; all sorts of fêtes crowding each other's heels. But on Sunday there is quiet, and the wild horsemen and horse-women, and the playing band, and the dancing feet, take themselves more or less reverently up the rocky paths to where towers aloft the ancient church of St. Mary's, to make their vows, while one may fancy—the Norse gods are listening wonderingly outside.

REBELLING LIKE MUMMIES.

The summer gowns have to have crystallized into a clinging, seamless garment strapped about the figure, Greek-like, though not affected so. Thus a black crêpe is shown in the accompanying picture, with narrow ribbon crossed back and front over the shoulders, and about the waist.

Everything not in the utility way is thus wound with ribbons, till even mimed Cleopatra in her case in the British Museum is hardly more bstrapless than is the living British maiden.

WORTH MAKES MISTAKES.

The empire tendency has developed furthest in evening gowns, as is well illustrated by an article from the *Evening Star* of Washington.

This dress is in one piece, hanging from the shoulders, and is confined elegantly to the figure by a wide sash wound about the bust. It is of satin, with cream ground reseda and pink dower. The sleeves of reseda velvet and the satin ribbon sash is reseda on one side and pink on the other. Monsieur Worth was wrong when he last spring professed a speedy return to low waists and bouffant skirts. His efforts since last midwinter have all been persistently directed to fulfil his own prophecy, but even Worth cannot change the tide of fashion once set. The time for looped skirts is not yet.

WHITE IS FASHIONABLE.

White enters into the composition of the most striking gowns worn here. These are seen in the afternoon promenade of the Spa. One worth describing has a band of electric blue wool with a full block of white silk crossed by large bands of blue silk. The dress is completed by a hooded cape, such as I described last week, of the wool-lined with the silk and a small mixed straw sailor hat trimmed with a twist of the silk. The style of this dress was very great, though much was due to the manner in which it was worn. Stunnings blouses are made of pompadour evening silks, of white grounds strown with flowers. These are worn on the promenade with wool skirts and are very stylish. There goes with them a sailor hat trimmed with a twist and a silk knot of the silk.

Another effective dress combines black and white in a black skirt bordered with a ruche and jet, a white blouse with full sleeves and a black sleeveless jacket also bordered with jet. The hat is black, trimmed with black and white. This dress is splendidly worn by its owner. I have seen the same beauty in a morning dress of simple dark blue cotton, dotted with a twist of the same cotton round her hat. She was leaning down, when I saw her in this, from the front seat of a drag that had been ranged up in front of viewing a cricket game, with faces to the front, to listen to the pipers in the band, and a harpist who was reading the lines of her future. The same as an old Yorkshire autolycus, calling "Wee pennie here, my dear," was passing by with a sandwich tray, and the whole made a pretty picture as I have seen for many a day.

A number of all white wool gowns are noticeable on the promenade, especially one strapped about with old rose velvet ribbon. Another one has the skirt bordered with narrow gold embroidery and the same border on neckband and cuffs. Sometimes there is worn with this a Turkish jacket, white and gold, and the dress is prettied with a simple green and liberty silk, a wide brimmed hat of terry cloth, tied with the green silk in a big soft bow. This is rich in color and is one of the most beautiful dresses I have seen.

PRINCESS MARIE'S DINNER GOWN.

No doubt the popularity of white this season in England is accounted for by the fact that it is being worn by all the royal Princesses from Marie of Edinburgh down. Marie, the only beauty so far as a casual observer can judge among the Queen's descendants—the Slav strain adds a piquancy—Marie, of seventeen summers, has the lead this year, on account of her engagement to the Honourable Prince, in the public and in the family eye; and Marie dresses in white. She has a dinner gown made of a soft white corded silk with a full belted waist; the neck half low and pointed back and front and ruffled with chiffon. The ornaments she wears are a double string of pearls and single pearls in her hair.

COLOR COMBINATIONS.

Speaking of color it is worth observing that the combinations of blue and

green, which appeared in Paris and New York very early in the spring, have not been seen in England at all. As late as July one of the London fashion plates had this combination as a costume French novelty.

Here in Scarborough all colors go. Violet, so long popular, is perhaps on the wane, though I have seen a charming costume in which it figures. This dress is a black surah, flowered with violets. Its sole ornament is a velvet belt, straight in front and pointed in the back, with a six-inch rosette of velvet set just at the edge of the lower point, where the fullness of the skirt centers. The wrap with this is a short cape of deepest purple velvet, gathered full into a shoulder yoke and lined with pale violet. This wrap is bordered with a twist of the two tints. Black hat and violet trimmings.

ADA BACHE-CONE.

#### CATALINA AND CAPRI.

#### Resemblances Between the California and Italian Isles.

The Journeys from Naples to Garibaldi's Seaside Home—Over the "Summer Road" to the Island of Catalina.

Contributed to THE TIMES.

I have been constantly surprised at the resemblance between the mainland of Southern California and the mainland of Southern Italy, and have more than once said so in my correspondence with journals in Europe and New York. The same commingling of mountain and plain, the same picturesque seacoast, the similar cultivated flora (the grape, the olive, the peach, the apricot, the lemon, orange, eucalyptus, pepper trees, palms, roses, geraniums, cacti, etc.) and above all, there is the same glorious climate. Southern Italy is sought in the winter time by Americans, English, Germans and Russians for its genial climate, and if it had not a single classic association connected with Greece, Southern Italy was the Magna Grecia of the ancients where Pythagoras and hosts of other great Grecian men were born, or classic association with old Italy, and especially Southern Italy, would still be a pilgrimage for all who love nature.

One attractive feature of the kingdom of United Italy is to be found in the islands which look up from her blue Mediterranean waters. There are hundreds of them, but as a general thing we only hear of Sicily, Sardinia, Elba, the Lipari, Ischia and Capri; and, curiously enough, as the American traveler on a Mediterranean steamer draws near them, he, if he has been in California, recognizes in them a strong resemblance to the many islands in our Pacific waters.

PHABERLINE'S.

Phaberline has the most visited of the Italian Islands, Capri, and the result of the artist and the place where people go to have a good time in summer and winter. Capri is just eighteen miles south of Naples; in fact, forms a part of the shoreline of the world-famous Bay of Naples. Let no one confound it with the island of Capriera—Garibaldi's last home and burial-place—which is situated between Corsica and Sardinia.

Now, what I wish particularly to call attention to is the resemblance between the Italian Capri and our own California Catalina. Both are mountainous, picturesque, enjoying an enviable climate, and are resort places. The ancient temples shut out and the jaded spirit relieved, and especially Southern Italy, would say that the sight of Catalina recalled his words and caused me to acknowledge that with the beautiful scene before me arose thoughts of Italy:

"Comes this memory of delight,  
Comes this vision unto me  
In the land beyond the sea."

Only Catalina is larger than Capri, and in the grandeur of its scenery is more like Sardinia. There is, therefore, no need of going to the old world to find a picture of great beauty.

It is right here at hand, and I was glad to see that so many thousands (I do not exaggerate) who are living in comfortable hotels or camping in tents on the hillsides in and around Avalon do appreciate this great gift of a quiet place for rest, recreation and innocent amusement. I hope that those who wish to visit the Italian islands without the cost of crossing the ocean would try Catalina.

I thought of the vast contrast in the means of getting to and from Catalina and Capri. For a one-horse steamer of 150 tons you must pay \$2 from Naples to Catalina, and \$10 from Catalina to Naples. It is a long trip, and I was glad to see that so many thousands (I do not exaggerate) who are living in comfortable hotels or camping in tents on the hillsides in and around Avalon do appreciate this great gift of a quiet place for rest, recreation and innocent amusement. I hope that those who wish to visit the Italian islands without the cost of crossing the ocean would try Catalina.

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Albany Dental Parlors,  
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Artificial teeth, \$7 to \$10; Gold or Porcelain Crown, \$15 to \$20; Gold Bridges, \$15 to \$20; Artificial Filling, \$2 to \$5; Cement Filling, \$2 to \$5; Test Extracted without Pain, \$1 to \$2; Test Extracted without the use of anesthetics, \$2.

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## RAMONA!

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ONLY Three Miles from City  
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Proprietary of San Gabriel  
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LOCATED at Shorty's Station,  
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ROM 10 to 15 minutes to the  
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CEAPEST Suburban Town  
Lots, Villa Sites or Acre  
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POPULAR Terms  
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INEXHAUSTIBLE Quantities  
Guaranteed.

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The Tabor

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135 & 137 W. Fifth-st.



and silver walls, a crystal bowl of roses and Louis XV table and one or two exquisite copies of some of Rembrandt's women and cherubs completed this abiding place of beauty, and it appeared to me as fitted to its owner as was her shell to Aphrodite.

Apricots are a favorite fruit with many, but the best method of cooking the dried article is not universally known. I have received the following from J. S. Briggs of Ventura, which I think may be used with the most satisfying results, giving them almost the taste of fresh fruit:

*How to Cook Dried Apricots.*—First scald them well to make the skins tender, then soak them in a large quantity of cold water for twelve hours. Drain off the water and stir them until soft. After this make a rich thick syrup of sugar and pour over them, being careful not to stir them. In this way they will retain their shape, and being as they are, made from thoroughly ripened fruit, I think they are superior to canned goods.

Woman and Home! Those are two of the most sacred names that the human ear has ever heard, and when woman and home are universally all that they should be, then community will be right and our laws will be wise and just and the great problems which are confronting the civilized world today will be judiciously solved. The strength of every nation is in its Christian homes. The world never had a truly great man who had not a wise and good mother. It has come to be accepted that the influences which control the first ten years of a child's life will determine what the future of that life will be. A child nursed in the midst of vice and evil environments until he is 10 years old, it will be very difficult to lift up to a noble and pure manhood or womanhood, for the mind has become poisoned and the moral nature weakened by such contamination. But the boy and girl, who are first in the years of childhood, were passed in a Christian home, with only elevating influences about them, trained by a mother's watchful love, and guarded by a father's care, if they should go astray, will yet feel forever the restraining influence of those first years, and the unforgotten tenderness will forever be like a silken cord drawing them back to the paths of rectitude.

We cannot exalt too highly the home mission of motherhood and fatherhood. I would rather be a wise mother than a queen upon the throne of the largest empire. As such, with my work nobly done, I could wish no influence greater than would outweigh that of the silent ruler, home! Let the home be exalted. Blessed be home, is one of the beatitudes that I love, and it embodies all the others. "Blessed are the meek and the pure in heart. Blessed are the peace-makers. Blessed are the merciful"—all of these elements enter into the life of the real home and glorify it.

How glad are we when the world goes wrong, when friends prove false and those in whom we have trusted betray us, that "God has set the solitary in families" and given us in the home heart where we can rest securely, where love bars the doors against that is false and treacherous, and trust holds the keys.

"These are my jewels," well may the mother exclaim, who has wisely trained her children for usefulness, and been to them the exemplar of all the royal virtues.

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I like pleasant home surroundings and I am always pleased to receive suggestions in regard to home decoration. The following is from Mrs. Kate G. Locke of Pasadena, and will, I am sure, be read with interest by the readers of THE TIMES:

*An Apple-Green Boudoir.*

I saw a pretty woman's boudoir the other day done up in apple green, and taken in conjunction with the pretty woman I may safely say that the room was the most charming one I have ever seen.

It is a well-known fact that a certain shade of green casts pink reflections, consequently this woman's room gave her a blushing complexion; and when does a fresh and pretty woman appear to greater advantage than when she is surrounded in clusters, in canopies, and wreaths (not forgetting the tresses' lover's knots) and sprigs of pink roses?

One might truly exclaim that the effect was ravishing! Imagine a room in which the lap of spring seems to have emptied itself, in which the delicate green of young apple boughs is mingled with the pinky pink of faintest blush roses, and where the woodwork and furniture is all of white and silver.

It was an octagonal apartment with an oriel window, whose half open casements and diamond-shaped panes suggested a bower. The morning sun sifted in here through soft curtains of pale green silk and caught a mellow glow from the wreaths of pink roses woven on the long curtains which swept away from either side of the alcove.

These flowered curtains were duplicated at the long French window which occupied an eighth of the octagon on the opposite side of the room, and they also hung in the archway which led into my lady's bed-chamber.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, and these curtains, of the new French chintz, in its vogues were of a heavy white material which reminded me of bedford cords; they were covered thickly and daintily with wreaths of those exquisite old-fashioned roses called "maiden's-blush" and suggested the brocades which were so plentiful in the days of our great grandmothers; they were lined throughout with pink silk.

One might truly exclaim that the effect was ravishing! Imagine a room in which the lap of spring seems to have emptied itself, in which the delicate green of young apple boughs is mingled with the pinky pink of faintest blush roses, and where the woodwork and furniture is all of white and silver.

The scholarship will be under a permanent board of Philadelphia women, and the Japanese woman who receives the scholarship will be under their care. "Japan as a whole," says Miss Tsuda, "is well known to many Americans. Our idea of Japanese life, however, the needs of women, has attracted little attention. It has been kept in the background."

"During my stay in this country I have been struck particularly with the position American women hold—the great influence they exercise for good: the power given them by education and training; the congenial intercourse between men and women, and the sympathy in the homes between brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. Why can't such things exist in my own country?"

"There has never been any great prejudice against women in Japan, such as we find in many countries. The East Women of ancient Japan enjoyed much liberty, and were given an education almost equal to that of man. Customs of the middle ages, long protracted wars, the old feudal system, the introduction of the doctrines of Confucius from China, and the religion of Buddha from India, have all had their blighting influence. Yet, the life of a Japanese woman is often a happy one. Men are kind to their wives, and in many cases allow them much liberty. Nevertheless, the law which tends to degrade rather than elevate, can scarcely afford much consolation to a woman. Happily, men are learning to look down on the superstitions and customs that once bound them. The last twenty years has witnessed great changes. Universities, colleges and schools have sprung up. All the wonderful inventions of America have been studied and introduced.

"I feel," said Miss Tsuda, her almond eyes sparkling, "that not until the women are educated and educated to a high standard, can Japan really take a high stand. I long for the day when our countrymen, who visited her father's house in Japan, there is a pretty story that although she is here seeking 'higher education' she is at the same time escaping the importunities of a remarkably imprudent lover. LIDA Rose McCANCE.

*The Digestibility of Fish.*

*Delicate Modes of Cooking and Delicate Sauces.*

*Contributed to The Times.*

The red-blooded fish, such, for instance, as salmon, herring and mackerel, are highly nutritious, but not easily digested, partly because of the amount of fat distributed through the flesh.

White fish, such as cod, haddock, tur-

bot, halibut and flounder contain comparatively little fat, and that mostly in the liver. They are easy of digestion and possess a delicate flavor. When in season and just from their native element they are delicious and make excellent food for the sick on account of this ease of digestion.

*When Fish Are in Season.*

Cod, all the year; haddock, all the year; cusk, winter; halibut, all the year; flounders, all the year; salmon, May to September; shad, spring; bluefish June to October; whiting, winter; swordfish, July to September; smelts, September; March; perch, spring and summer; mackerel, April to October; oysters, September to May; clams, all the year.

*How to Broil Fish.*

Small fish, such as perch and scrod (young cod), are best broiled.

After the fish is cleaned, washed and wiped, split it lengthwise if it be thick, sprinkle on salt and pepper, squeeze over it some drops of lemon juice, dip it in some melted butter and broil over clear coals, quickly at first and then very slowly, allowing ten minutes for each inch of thickness. Serve with butter cream.

*To Make Butter Cream.*

Cream some butter in a bowl, season it with salt, cayenne, lemon juice and vinegar. A teaspoonful of butter is enough for an ordinary small fish such as a perch and to season it a speck of cayenne, a speck of salt and half a teaspoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice will be good proportions. Spread it on the fish to melt and run over it or serve separately in a little ball on a glass butterplate. A nice addition to the butter is a little finely minced parsley or chopped pickles, such as cucumbers or olives or the three mixed if they are delicious.

SUSAN SUNSHINE.

*Contributed to The Times.*

A number of years ago, six or eight I think, I read an article in the Harper's Bazaar, from some one living in New Orleans, describing a method in use there of making a sort of preserve, pickle or sweetmeat of half grown oranges.

Living in the East at the time, I took little notice of it, and do not remember the process, except to think it might be very nice. I have an indistinct memory of a soaking in lime-water, lye or brine; a soaking in fresh water, a boiling in syrup.

If any reader of THE TIMES remembers it, I would be very grateful if he would please send it to THE TIMES.

Just now there are doubtless many orange trees that would be benefited if a little of the fruit were picked off, and it wouldn't "go against the grain" so to speak if it was to be made some use of.

Also, I know housekeepers are always glad to know anything new in putting up fruit.

F. W. G.

*The First in the World.*

*An American Scholarship for Japanese Women—The Work of Miss Ume Tsuda.*

*Contributed to The Times.*

Born in Tokio, Miss Tsuda was sent to the country seven years ago by the government of Japan to be educated. Under the patronage of the Empress, she was placed in a private family of that city and on the completion of her education, at the age of 18, she returned to Tokio and taught in the Peers' school. Anxious to pursue her studies further, she returned three years ago and entered Bryn Mawr for a special course in biology. She soon sails for Japan to resume a higher position her work has in the government schools.

This young Japanese woman is bright, intelligent and very charming. She speaks English without an accent and with a decided and natural courtesy which does not become her like her native dress. She is petite, with the seductive, swaying movements that particularly captivate foreigners visiting in Japan; her small, soft brown hands evidence the manicure art in which Japan achieved perfection centuries ago.

Miss Tsuda numbers among her friends the most influential and cultivated women of Philadelphia, and to these she appealed some months ago in behalf of a scholarship for Japanese women. As a result, an organization known as "The Committee of the Women's School for Japanese Women" was formed, and Miss Tsuda addressed an address at the Drexel Institute on the "Education of Japanese Women." Much interest was elicited and a scholarship fund of \$10,000 is now as good as assured.

The scholarship will be under a permanent board of Philadelphia women, and the Japanese woman who receives the scholarship will be under their care. "Japan as a whole," says Miss Tsuda, "is well known to many Americans. Our idea of Japanese life, however, the needs of women, has attracted little attention. It has been kept in the background."

The first and only thing is to restore digestion. If editors would allow a dyspepsia column each week for a few years, it would be of great service. Briefly, take powdered charcoal in milk or water before breakfast, using a teaspoonful to a dessertspoonful with a pill at night of one-fourth grain of podophyl or a good dose of castor oil in lemon juice to "unload the system," as doctors say. Probably this purgation should be repeated once a week for three weeks. Then make it your business to cure the indigestion or it will make an end of you.

The woman who would recover digestion must avoid fatigue. The nutritive forces give out because the brain muscles and nerves have exhausted themselves and vital powers, and there is not enough to go around. Small doses of chlorate of potash may be taken to purify the internal economy, its benefit extending through the entire digestive apparatus. By no means stint your food, and probably once a week you will find yourself able to eat rather a hearty meal, but do not transgress limits. You should consult a good doctor at once. Such a state of things as you describe leads to gastritis and perforation of the stomach, which is a sudden and cruel death.

SHIRLEY DANE.

*The Blouse.*

The silk shirt is an important feature of a summer costume. Women ought to be thankful that they are not condemned to starched fronts yet at least, but may wear this charming negligee. The beauty of this shirt depends on its being well made and well worn. So simple a garment comes easily by an appeal to your taste.

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SHIRLEY DANE.

that will remain extremely fashionable all through next winter.

*The Very Latest Thing.*

With the use of the Scotch tartan. This announcement is of no importance. The Scotch are making these beautiful plaids into their choicest and costliest textures, a sure indication that the rage is starting in high quarters, and may be depended on as safe to follow, but I speak also from sight of garments hanging in princely closets and in ward-robe of other quality women. The special and novel use to which they are put is linings. Not only your gown but your carriage cloak and evening wrap, your storm coat and street jacket must all have plaid on the reversible side. When the plaid is not woven in the fabric it is of silk, satin or

batiste.

*THE PRINCESS OF WALES' CLOAK.*

The three-quarters long cape with hood is the fashionable wrap. They are making for it in Scotch factories from India cashmere wool some magnifico fabrics, thick and light as silk and looking like silk fleece.

After the fish is cleaned, washed and wiped, split it lengthwise if it be thick, sprinkle on salt and pepper, squeeze over it some drops of lemon juice, dip it in some melted butter and broil over clear coals, quickly at first and then very slowly, allowing ten minutes for each inch of thickness. Serve with butter cream.

*THE STORY OF THE HIGH SIERRAS.*

*CHAPTER III.*

The gray rocky walls of the Yosemite put on fresh beauty that morning as Mr. Squirrel and his happy little wife skinned along from the shadows of the great oak tree, and stopped for a moment to look down into the beautiful valley. A tender soft haze wrapped the valleys like a curtain, and as the sun rose above the great round domes and his golden beams fell into the water, a new splendor lighted the old walls, and rose and purple were mingled in a warm tenderness of color that made a glowing picture. Sentinel Rock stood up like some great obelisk warm with the golden brightness of the sunrise, and everywhere the birds sang, and their songs were mingled with the murmur of the river and the echoing music of the waterfalls. Far off, over Cloud's Rest, 6000 feet above the valley, a great eagle had spread his wings and was soaring above the rocky crags into the deep blue of the skies.

"I am glad that he is not any nearer to us than he is," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"For I always had a horror of those eagle birds."

"Don't you be foolish, little wife," said Mrs. Squirrel, "for am I not here to take care of you? Let the eagle fly where he will, he will not molest us if we shall never enjoy ourselves."

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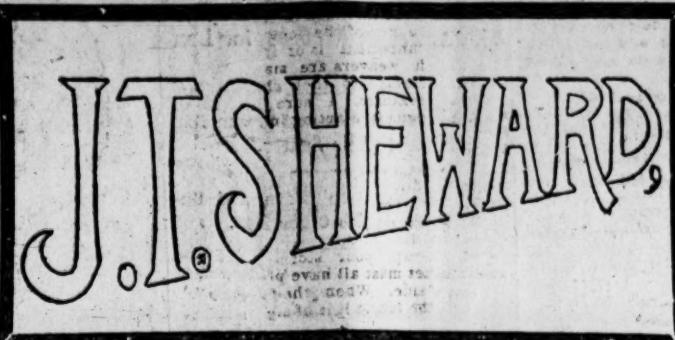
"I am glad that he is not any nearer to us than he is," said Mrs. Squirrel.

"For I always

"business one-third larger than one year ago—

all goods marked in plain figures and sold for one price and for cash—this business is being conducted on the broadest and most liberal basis.

"largest cloak department in the city—sales equal to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city.



"business one-third larger than one year ago"

if you buy any goods in this house and feel dissatisfied with your purchase, bring them back in a good merchantable condition and get your money.

"the cloak department equal in sales to the combined sales of all the cloak houses in the city.

## "113-115 north spring street."

—new crepon effects in fine all-wool dress goods, 50c; twenty shades to select from—largely increasing trade in the dress goods department.

—all of our goods are "up to date" in the big millinery room—new shapes in felt hats; new ideas in jockey and tennis caps; new styles in feathers and ribbons—the millinery department will be running new ideas from now on.

### "a report has reached..?"

—the city of a most wonderful spring that was recently found a few miles from the city in one of the bonniest couple of ladies who had been in the mountains, and on a night coming on, they were compelled to make the best of it, and finding the most suitable place under a large oak tree and near a body of water, they made up their minds to camp there, according to custom they took off their false hair and took out their false teeth and hung them on the leg of a tree—they then bathed their faces and hands and combed out what little hair they had left and laid down for the night—their little mexican hairless dog was with them to keep off all intruders, and to give the alarm, if any wild animals were found roaming about—they were soon fast asleep—they awoke refreshed in the morning and felt like new people—they looked at each other in amazement, and thought the other was someone else—they each had long, flowing hair; they each had a natural set of teeth, and their hairless, mexican dog of the night before had a long, wooly coat—they compared notes—one was 47 years old, the other 45; neither had ever married; they talked about their pastimes, and of the geography of their native land—they soon found they were the same parties that were lost the night before—they found their false hairs and false teeth where they had placed them the night before, but they had no further use for them—they soon made up their minds it was the water as there was nothing else to bring about this result—this was on government land—they soon had the land staked out, and have placed a homestead upon it, and are now corresponding with eastern managers of dime museums to furnish bearded women at so much per dozen—they expect soon to be overrun with applications from young men trying to raise their first moustache—it is warranted to produce a full growth in six days—several of the young men in the store are now saving their earnings to go to the lake and take the baths—you know when a young fellow wants a moustache he wants it very bad; must have it right away, and when it comes to baldheaded men there will hardly be standing room around the lake, as it covers only about one acre—it takes three weeks to raise a full crop of bald heads—it would be well to make your application as soon as possible, first come first served—every one must be prepared to do their own cooking as the proprietresses have given up household work for a living—these ladies want it distinctly understood that love making will not be tolerated, so ladies can trust their bald-headed husbands to go without an escort—for further particulars address all communications to the "wonderful hair and teeth growing springs, sierra madre, cal. los angeles county"—all mail is carried up the canon by foot—ladies visiting the springs should

### "take along one of our \$5.00 cloaks..?"

—the weather is cool and invigorating.

—ladies silk parasols, 22-inch, for \$1.00; 24-inch for \$1.50;—all have metal handles and are as well made as the high priced goods.

—ladies fine leather hand bags, \$1.00; ladies' hand satchels, \$1.00.

### "monday at 9 o'clock..?"

#### "enormous sale of bath towels..?"

100 doz. extra heavy bath towels ..... 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ c  
50 doz. extra heavy bath towels ..... 10c, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ c, 15c

—our 25c bath towel is the best ever offered in america for the price; we have been selling the same towel for 50c each; monday they go at 25c each—at 15c we show a hummer; a regular 25c quality at 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ c we sell a regular 20c quality—come to our big sale of bath towels—nearly every one takes a bath at least once a year, and this is the first sale of bath towels we have had in a year and it will be a big one.

—a few specialties that are cheaper than the average—pocketbooks and purses 10c, 25c, 35c, 40c, 50c—pocket cards, card cases, money belts, etc.—ladies' goods, with 25c cards printed with your name and address for 50c—the cards alone are worth 75c; the card cases are worth 50c and 75c—ladies fine leather belts, 50c.

### "there is a gentleman..?"

—in this city who is a great linguist; he swears in chinese, stutters in french, talks with the hired girl in sweden, makes love to another girl in german, plays the piano in italian, and, goes to church in english; he dances the highland fling in scotch; eats potatoes with the trial, beans on and tamales like a mexican, and sells goods like a hebrew; when he gets mad at his wife he talks turkey to her; from the kind of water he drinks he must be from kentucky; he brags like a texan and has the shrewdness of a vermonter; he eats boston baked beans and connecticut clams, and hankers after crow as much as anti-lindley men—this fellow is very peculiar; the number 13 acts as a boomerang with him, and when it comes to friday it is a very unlucky day; he is afraid to get on a street car on friday; he always sees the moon over his right shoulder, always picks up a pin if the point is in a certain direction; he knows all the signs of the zodiac, knows the time of the day, the hour, the minute to pick potatoes can tell when it will rain and when to expect a drought; and is a remarkable knowledge he is so poor as a church mouse—a man would naturally think a fellow like this would be a millionaire—it is unlucky for him to have any more money than just enough to live on—he is a socialist by nature—he has lost just the wheel out of his轎子; he is like an old clock, it may run, but it won't keep time—how many men do you meet in a lifetime that are always looking for luck and never have any?—faith is all right, but you must work like the old harrer to back it up; you may invest your money in louisiana lottery tickets every month, and when you go over the river you have wasted your own life as a gambler—there is no luck without work; a man must build up his business on business principles; do as he agrees and do it willingly and cheerfully—the trade of this house is almost doubling over one year ago; there is no luck about this, it is work—

### "another big cloak sale monday at 9 o'clock..?"

—selling more cloaks than all the other houses put together.

—monday, in the shoe department, to every purchaser of the \$1.00 dress shoes, a handkerchief, down-cushion, size sixsix, made from silk, and all have a ruffled edge—we are closing out the shoe department to enlarge the cloak department.

### "it is not so much in the price of an article as—

—it is in the confidence you have in the house you are dealing with—very few, even in business, are good judges of value—when one merchant says he can buy goods cheaper than another, he is given to brag—no one merchant can be thoroughly posted on every article; no one merchant can take a deep interest in every department—some men like one department and some another—it is a question of taste and a question of good judgment in buying goods; it is confidence—styles in dry goods change from one to four times a year—goods may be worth a dollar today, and in sixty days only 50c; for that reason it is better for the consumer to rely somewhat upon the judgment and candor of the salespeople in a house, and as we make it a strict rule to refund money on any and all goods not perfectly satisfactory, it makes the salespeople very careful in their representation of everything they sell—a traveling man was extolling the good qualities of a man a few days ago that he wanted to get in this house as a salesman—among the other recommendations he was the slickest liar he had ever seen—he said he could make a customer think black was white—this man never missed a sale as he had a way to get around every obstacle—here was a traveling man trying to sell this house goods recommending a man for his capabilities of being a first-class liar—he was not employed, and no goods were bought from the traveling man—every article is bought and marked and inspected by the proprietor; salespeople have nothing to do with the price or the cost; the goods are put into stock to be sold; it is their duty to treat every person that crosses the threshold with perfect politeness, and to look upon them as desirable customers; it makes no difference as to their politics, religion or birth; they are patrons of the house whether they wish to purchase or not; very often the poorest dressed people buy the largest bills, and their patronage is upon an equality with the millionaire—it is not a question whether they are competing merchants or not; the "only" point aimed at is we want you when you leave the house feel that you have been well served and well treated—we want your respect—if other merchants want samples they can have them as many and as often as they desire—there is nothing to be gained by being narrow minded—it is a weakness that should never enter into business—other merchants are not denied the privilege of buying at special sales; they are made for the general public and everybody is welcome—the business of this house is being conducted upon the broadest and most liberal basis—the employees are treated like men and women, and they certainly appreciate it; they are granted every liberty consistent with good business management, and a more happy and contented lot you never saw—they receive encouragement when they deserve it—good sales receive the proper recognition, and there is no business in this city that is showing the gains we are now making—it has been steadily increasing for the past year, and the july trade was the largest ever done by this house for the same month—there must be a reason for all this, and we certainly feel that this is largely brought about by the good sense and good judgment displayed by every employee in this house in their treatment of the public—they certainly try hard enough and are deserving of every word we say—we claim there never was a better lot of employees, take them as a whole, than we now have in this house—they are all cheerful, pleasant and painstaking, and endeavor as far as possible to tell the truth in selling goods—there is nothing to be gained, but everything to lose by deceit and lying.

### "monday at 9 o'clock we offer 100 new..?"

—winter garments at

\$5.00 each!

—guaranteed worth \$10.00; they have never been shown in this city—they are worth \$10.00; they will be sold for \$5.00; all sizes from 32 to 44—new goods, new styles, not in the house to exceed six days—you get the benefit of the cut price—fur trimmed.

### "another one of our cloak sales..?"

—will occur monday at 9 o'clock—we will sell all-wool cloaks as low as

\$3.00

—with all sizes to select from—it is our determination to again double the cloak trade this fall—wednesday morning the carpenters will be at work enlarging the cloak room to double its present size—remember all-wool cloaks in all sizes, \$3.00.

### "another monster sale of 500 cloaks..?"

—worth \$10.00, worth \$12.00; choice of over 600 garments for

\$5.00 each!

—all sizes from 32 to 44—come monday at 9 o'clock and be prepared to see the greatest cloak sale of modern times—you know by this time the cloak department offers inducements that draw the crowds.

—a new line of black and colored silk skirts; the finest goods ever offered in this city; something new and very little.

—monday at 9 o'clock we will make a special sale of new winter jackets just arrived at \$10.00—it is done to get you interested in our mammoth cloak department—sales quadrupling over a year ago—there will be a crowd.

### "a fellow came out..?"

—to los angeles from a little town in iowa where he was born and raised; he had never been away from home, and, as could be expected, he was terribly homesick, and besides he was a chronic kicker; he particularly kicked against the evenness of the climate and sighed for an iowa climate; he liked the change, thought it was invigorating, and was sure to go back in another season—he poured this song into every one's ears from morning until night until he became a nuisance—he was informed that he could have almost any kind of a climate here he wanted—well, he would like to see it, nothing would suit him better—so matters were arranged to give him all the changes he wanted in forty-eight hours—the understanding was that he was not to grumble or complain, but take his medicine like a man—the next morning he was taken down to the ice house and put into the freezing tank and kept walking around with his hands and feet in the ice for half a day, and when he got out he was shivering like a dog that had made a breakfast on a box of tacks from there he was taken to an ice house and from there to the sun for a few minutes for a rest, and from there he went to the cabin—ice house and down into the engine room where it was hot enough to boil lobsters; here he was kept for about three hours, and by this time he began to realize there were a good many changes in an iowa climate in a day, but he had not seen a good iowa rain yet, but the day was not over—an iowa rain he should have; so they took the cars and down to redondo they went; before they arrived at their destination the fog began to come inland; his friend remarked this, but the man said he would fool him on the rain, admitting at the same time he had all the heat and cold he wanted for one day, but was sure he had the cinch on him about the rain; after arriving at redondo they walked along the beach, then up the broad cement walks down to the bathhouses and began an inspection, first in one passage then another; finally they began to look through the rooms, and the friend got the iowa kicker to step inside of one room to see a new patent pulverizer; the fellow kicked it, and the handle that pulled the valve open and closed the door closed and the handle that pulled the valve open in the shower bathroom was given a wide latitude here the fellow was dressed up in his nice snappy suit, silk hat and black boots and the water coming down in torrents; he began to kick, then coaxed, and finally said he guessed they had a good many changes in california, and swore then and there he would never kick again about the weather—he was advised to send for his umbrella as was sure to need it—he believes now, as all sensible men should, there is no place like california—anything can be manufactured to order here on short notice.

—read the description of the jacket carefully—it is one of the prices and kinds that makes lots of trade in a house—black cloth, double-breasted, 26 inches long, four fine silk loops, seams all bound, trimmed with fur all around, and down the front—the fur is in a certain direction; it has two pockets, and you can have this jacket for \$5.00; if any one else will sell as good a one for less than \$10.00, bring ours back; all sizes from 32 to 44—this is a great bargain—will be sold for \$5.00—no alterations free of charge—you will probably want to see it—gaining more trade than all the cloak houses in the city, and this is how we are doing it.

### "we offer a fine line of crepon effects..?"

—in all-wool dress goods for

50c

—a fine line of all-wool serges for 60c, 75c and \$1.00—over 200 different styles in all-wool black dress goods; our black goods stock is the largest and finest we have ever carried—black dress goods worth \$1.25 and \$1.50, monday for \$1.00—black sicilians, 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00 a few special makes in this class of goods that are very cheap.

### "a full line of all-wool, satin-lined..?"

—jackets for

\$10.00 each!

—worth everywhere, \$20.00—monday all day—all sizes; a great bargain—we have set out to control the cloak trade of this city; we ask a special examination of this line of clay worsted; everybody knows what a clay worsted is; they are perfect in color and there is nothing better for wear.

—to emphasize the fact we are going out of the shoe business—we will present to every purchaser of \$5.00 worth of shoes, a very handsome down cushion, 16x16 inches square, and is the same cushion we sell at special sale prices—this cushion is made of the best down and is a great comfort to the carpenters who will be at work this week enlarging the cloak department, and we are anxious to close the shoe department—we have no place to put the shoes only on tables; going entirely out of shoes.

### "we have 150 boys' suits..?"

—still on hand, worth from \$5.00 to \$12.00 a suit—monday at 9 o'clock the entire lot will be offered for

\$2.50 per suit!

—this department will be closed at once—all first-class styles; all good goods.

—shawl straps ..... 25c  
—handbags ..... \$1.00  
—chatelaine bags ..... 25c  
—hand satchels ..... \$1.00  
—gold-plated pins ..... 25c  
—ladies' fruit-of-the-loom muslin drawers ..... 25c  
—ladies' fruit-of-the-loom muslin chemise ..... 25c  
—a nice serviceable corset ..... 50c  
—an extra fine corset ..... 75c  
—royal worcester corset ..... \$1.00  
—pocketbooks and purses ..... 25c and 50c  
—all of the above are of special value and cannot be duplicated elsewhere for the money.

—we can say with confidence that the line of all-wool dress goods now on sale has no equal in this city under a dollar a yard; there is no exaggeration; no misstatement on this point; there is not a dollar a yard in the world that can be sold for a dollar a yard—this is offered as an advertisement—we are making the effort to double the sales in the dress goods department, and we are going to do it—our sales very largely increasing over a year ago—all-wool henningson gte; worth 40c; sample given for comparison.

## NORTHERN LIGHTS.

## The Alaskan Journey and its Charms.

From Seattle to Victoria—The Old British American Capital.

Northward Among Icebergs and Septentrional Gales.

Antics of Some Dancing Dervishes Among Alaskan Indians—In Wrangell Narrows—Lassoing a Sea Monster—Nautical Gab.

## II.

Contributed to *The Times*.  
One who is inexperienced in matters maritime, the first journey on a vessel of any size is full of surprise and fills one with a continual childish wonder. The line of the log; the lowering of the boats; the weighing of the anchor; the nautical speech of captain and mate; the complicated cables piled here and there; even the details of the cabin and staterooms furnishings have an interest all their own, that for the first day out, distract the eyes and mind even from scenery and "views." It was not until our return that one of us at least could spare a just glance for busy, bustling Seattle, which we reach at late breakfast time, and leave after an hour or two of noisy wharf-life; taking on mail and fruit, and gathering in a harvest of gawking, awkward steamer-chairs. All day the steamer ploughs quietly along on a wide watery plain between distant woody shores, and our 220 passengers spend it getting to housekeeping for the voyage. Those who took "steamer trunks" were to be seen in an undignified heap just outside the door of their staterooms and reminded of Miss Elisabeth Eliza Peter who was obliged to sit on the porch and play her piano through the open window, on account of certain limitations of her parlour. Our own settling was soon done, for there was metal more attractive outside. After amicably dividing the tiny shelves and disposing our library to suit—Mr. Hollis first, Mr. James second, Robert Louis Stevenson a good third, and various dark horses of literature bringing up the rear—we grasped each the inevitable rug and went above to the top-most deck, which though "swept crystal clear by freedom's northern wind," is yet the coldest of vapors for all but the most hardy. The sun, however, except in rare cases, from the porch and play a sunspot on the distant peaks and curves of Vancouver's Island and see a copper-colored sun drop into a sea of red gold, against which sky and sea the dark firs of the shore are etched in black, as we land in the rapid darkness at Victoria. On the outward journey there was but time for an evening stroll along the shore through short, brown sea-grasses and lanes of wild pink roses, but no long stop upon our return in broad daylight gave us time to discover the charms of this old-world city. In the public buildings of pretty red-roofed cottages set wide park; its once famous Hotel Driad now gone to decrepitude; its curio shops where native work may be bought at exorbitant prices; and best of all its beautiful suburb, Esquimalt. A real English forest, and just beyond a magnificent dry-dock where the great ships of the Sovereign of the Seas may be made sound. In the book stores we hoped to find some delightfully dear and cheap English books, but came away with only one of Maria Edgeworth's in red cloth, and it came to pieces at the first turn. Still enough with the streets full of big, bold Englishmen to find little, but light novels are not things of beauty and joys forever, but a preservative of beef and mutton. With this end in view, a lively scene begins its enactment on board. By the removal of railings, planks and flooring, a great gash is opened over the hold, and over this, governed by the donkey-engine, swings a tangle of hooks and cables. Below, in one of the snowy boats three or four of the crew are embarked upon an iceberg hunt. They row away to where one is swaying upon the water—the waves dipping into its hollows and foaming over its bows, and then, like a mad bull, turns with a bounding roar and a roar of fury, and the crew are held captive before them to the ship. There they throw round it a net of wire rope, attach the hook from above and push off rapidly out of danger. The first officer yells out "Heave away at the yard," the answer comes, "Aye, aye, sir," and up goes a glittering piece of the glacier, weighing ton upon ton, swings for a moment in the sunshine and then descends with a rush and crash into the hold, there ingloriously to melt away in darkness.

Passenger (pounding at purser's door.) Wake up sir! There is a most internal racket going on near my room, sir!  
Passenger (sleepily.) Yes, sir. That's the donkey engine!  
Passenger. Well, I want it stopped at once.  
Passenger (politely.) Can't do it, sir.  
Passenger. Do you know who I am, sir? I am Gen. Blank, sir, of Washington.  
Passenger. Ah! Better go to bed, sir.  
THE END.

Quite as important and interesting to us as the official records to the ship's owners, are our little red journals, paper memories of the day's doings, that were usually filled in the day before after lunch. My own being written in the kind of a hand that can't be read after it is cold, is at times hieroglyphical, but it clearly assures me that on the morning of the 9th, everybody ate a hearty breakfast in order to be ready to visit Fort Wrangell. It is a tiny wooden town, mostly Indian, shambling along one single street, and here we see the first natives. When our steamer approaches shore all is quiet as sleep can make a man, but before our first passenger steps from the gang-plank, the place is alive with people and dogs. The rather pleasant-faced, stoic Indians sit in rows outside their doorway, draped in cheap, bright blankets of our weaving, and offer them to us for sale. The horn spoons, carved and with a deep polish; an occasional old dull-colored basket, dyed from root to rich brown and yellow, and strangely carved, charms for the hunt, may still be had by patient search. Most of our buyers were no connoisseurs, and took the aniline-dyed baskets, the glaring new silver bracelets, and the imitation totems without misgivings. For once overruled by masculine advice, we left a dear old blue and colored basket there, only until the return trip, but men were deceivers ever, and learned too late that one should never part with tomorrow a basket that could be got today. For Fort Wrangell proved to be one of those hours to which no traveller by the Queen returns. One

would be willing to turn Buddhist if one could disintegrate that basket and have at least its astral body here. As we loitered back to the boat in laggard obedience to the whistle's shrill recall, a big Indian danced for us and for rest only. He was rather uniquely clothed in some impromptu pajamas and a black and white cotton belt quilt. His dancing had none of the rhythmic motion and awaying grace of the Pueblo dancer, and we had our own private doubts of his honesty. Of course the ninety and nine kodakers who were shooting everything in sight missed the only real photographic material there—a fine young Indian who was induced to dress in the paraphernalia of the war chief, and who posed as finely as if some subtle spirit from the dress had communicated itself to him. He wore a Masonic-like apron bordered with clinking hollow bells on his shoulders and a pair queer three-cornered native blankets woven in white and yellow, crowning his thick dark hair a magnificent eagle so cleverly prepared as to seem poised with wide wings outstretched for flight. The old carver totem staff in his hand glistened with dull lights and in the dark little storeroom the whole picture stood out like a piece of history and romance from the fading past of his race.

Capt. Carroll—jolliest and most robust of men—rose somewhat abruptly from his lunch that day, with the remark that there was some fine scene to be had at that particular "old Indian's house." We found that it was only his little joke regarding Wrangell Narrows, a difficult passage with jagged rocks waiting like great submerged sharks to bite into the ship's sides. The passengers crowded the forward decks, the sailors stood instant at the anchor, the captain pacing the bridge, called out his commands. Like an echo came the response "Port, sir," "Starboard it is, sir," till the white bow had cut a clear line between the rocks, leaving the great red buoys bobbing gracefully in our wake, and the excitement was over.

In point Japan an elevator is called "hydrant ascension parlor," and our small steamship parlor was a perfect "social hall." Here in the light evenings there was always singing to piano or guitar, cards, chess and chatter. In the change of day and night the habits of sleep and waking became entirely moveable feasts and the younger people seemed never to have gone to bed at all. Just before sunset we signalled another vessel, *The Islander*. Our own boat was stopped and the other one bore down upon us like some living thing. Long before the space between us was narrow greetings were shouted across, questions about the state of matters at Minneapolis rang out, and in a few moments all the crew had enough Associated Press news to start a syndicate. At sea ships may only "speak" as they pass by, but in the quiet waters of the Sound, they may come near enough to shake hands.

The following day—the 10th of June—is marked in memory by a white stone. Some prescence in the crisp air awakened us early and peering out of our tiny window in a gray dawn upon gray water we saw suddenly the blue serrated edge of Taku Glacier as it sweeps into the sea. Though but a baby beside the great Muir Glacier, it is all its beauty in miniature. Our steamer lay at anchor just from the shore, and over and around us like a silver cloud were the fog. Then, clearing it, sailing as a swan, came the first iceberg, its spires and pinnacles of frozen music, its color the visible embodiment of a summer sky. As it melts again into the embracing mist we know that we are the richer by a great occurrence—the perfect realization of a dreamed-of beauty. Out of the lifting fog too, came into sight the sharp curving prowes of the native canoes, whose hardy fisher-crew, in return for our greetings, wave at us living lengths of greeting salutes just caught.

To the needless question of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company icebergs are not things of beauty and joys forever, but a preservative of beef and mutton. With this end in view, a lively scene begins its enactment on board. By the removal of railings, planks and flooring, a great gash is opened over the hold, and over this, governed by the donkey-engine, swings a tangle of hooks and cables. Below, in one of the snowy boats three or four of the crew are embarked upon an iceberg hunt. They row away to where one is swaying upon the water—the waves dipping into its hollows and foaming over its bows, and then, like a mad bull, turns with a bounding roar and a roar of fury, and the crew are held captive before them to the ship. There they throw round it a net of wire rope, attach the hook from above and push off rapidly out of danger. The first officer yells out "Heave away at the yard," the answer comes, "Aye, aye, sir," and up goes a glittering piece of the glacier, weighing ton upon ton, swings for a moment in the sunshine and then descends with a rush and crash into the hold, there ingloriously to melt away in darkness.

Coming back to our straight line of northward travel from Taku Bay we reached the Treadwell mine, owned by Messrs. Treadwell, Frye and Hill of San Francisco. The Santa Fe and Hill of San Francisco. The place is hideous, as are all mines. Long, ugly sheds and dreary, little wooden houses for the workers cover an immense area, and above the pine-covered hillside is cut away into gaping patches of unsightly yellow earth. Here, as at all other points where the riches of Alaska are being developed, all natural beauty is destroyed and civilization and barrenness go hand in hand. Pioneers everywhere treat old Mother Nature more like an enemy than a friend, and with her measures from the heart, and with a cruelty that is plain also at Juneau which lies across from the Treadwell mine on the mainland. No lovelier situation could be asked for growth in a new and alluring land. The wooded mountains surround it, the sight of their leaping cataracts of lace ever in one's eyes, the sound of the tall cedars ever on the wind, and the clear water making a mirror in front. Yet Juneau is also a town of unsightly houses. The lots so tiny that they can hardly hold a handful of flowers, and in all the place not one tree left, only blackened and partially stricken. The town here is lively and bustling, has its principal machinery and is the supplier to miners behind it, deep in the forest. Here is a pretty church with its tower of logs laid crosswise, and a large, comfortable mission school where numbers of bright-eyed, pretty native girls are taught the whole duty of woman, and seem to like it, too. It was raining hard here, but we were assured "it was very unusual," a phrase we thought we had perhaps heard once or twice at home. Outside one of the stores of a trader in native skins we met a wet and miserable, two week-old baby bear, for sale, of course. Nobody bought the poor little victim to man's inhumanity, but the two went back later with sugar and water from the dinner table and temporarily lightened their trials. To the unceasing kindness and thoughtfulness of Mr. Rogers, the purser of the Queen, we already owed many an extra pleasure, and by following his advice also, we came to be almost the sole witnesses of a marvelous morning of early wonders. It was barely past 6 o'clock, and except for two English indefatigables, we had the upper deck alone. The ship was sailing straight north toward

Chilcat, past the blue breadth of the Davidson Glacier, flowing down and down from that magnificent chain of peaks as sharp as our volcanic throats can make them. Here followed the fullest realization of how much the bounded fog may add to a scene already inspiring. A bitter wind was tossing it about in cloudy sheets, breaking it up into long flame-like lines that curled round the cold peaks, and clasped the lower slopes as if in terror, nullifying all sense of comparison in the beholder, and carrying one away into regions reminiscent of Doré and Vedder.

Chilcat—pronounced like a suppressed sneeze—is only a large canyon, and the excursion boats snap round in its harbor without landing, and then turn again for Sitka. M. D. L.

## STATE W. C. T. U.

## An Interesting Two Days' Session at Long Beach.

The Result of the Demarest Medal Contest—The Prize Won by Miss Winifred Hay—An Interesting Programme.

The contest for the Demarest gold medal at the Tabernacle Friday evening was a brilliant and fitting ending to a most instructive and interesting two days' meeting of the annual session of the State organization of the W. C. T. U. at Long Beach. A large number of delegates from all parts of the State were present, and an immense amount of work was quickly disposed of under the energetic "push" of these women philanthropists and foes of alcohol.

These medal contests in the cause of temperance were instituted by W. Jennings Demarest of New York in 1886, and from a modest and unpretentious beginning interest in the work they represent—the destruction of alcohol—has so increased that medal contests now are held in all civilized countries. Miss Signor, B. E., and State superintendent of instruction, in her opening remarks gave a brief outline of the work done in the interest of temperance, and the progress of the cause in the State of California and the thousands of medals already distributed. The United States is in the lead with Nebraska first in number of contests and medals won. Following is Friday evening's programme:

Remarks—Miss Elvira Signor.

Prayer—Rev. E. A. Healy.

Music—Quartette—Rev. R. M. Webster.

Recitation—License an Outrage—Horace Frame, Monroe.

Recitation—Home vs. Saloon—Miss Winifred Hay, Long Beach.

Coronet duet—Misses E. R. and A. R. Brown.

Recitation—A Voice from the Poor-house—Miss Goldie Ribble, San Pedro.

Recitation—The Enormity of the Liquor Trade—Miss Myrtle Frazier, Long Beach.

Coronet solo—Out on the Thread—Frank Cook.

Recitation—A Vivid Illustration—Miss Maggie Shepperd, Glendale.

Recitation—The Liquor License—Miss Winifred Hay.

Recitation—Run Selling Our Country's Scourge and the Remedy—Miss Leona Simmons, Glendale.

Banjo solo—Miss Hattie Jeanette Eliza Ponomia.

Jack the Fisherman—Miss Elvira Signor.

Awarding the medal—Judges.

NOTES.

The winner of the medal, and daughter of the local Methodist Episcopal Church pastor, Miss Winifred Hay is a unusually bright and intelligent young miss of perfect self-possession, clear intonation and voice, whose gestures are natural and graceful, with a perfect understanding and sympathy with the ideas expressed in her subject, and who won the hearts of the large audience by her charming manner of delivery.

As there could be only one winner out of the seven who contested, the other six, it is said to their credit, were the first to extend their congratulations to the winner, Miss Healy.

Joe Fowler made a masterly effort in his address and will yet make his mark as a speaker.

"A Vivid Illustration" as presented by Maggie Shepperd of Glendale showed the appalling havoc and ruin caused by the "tides" of "saloonism" to the community.

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I've been down to the seashore  
And this is what I found—  
Girls and girls and girls!  
But there were no men around.

There's the riding girl and the fencing girl,  
And the girl who's fond of walking;  
There's the bicycle girl and the tricycle  
girl,  
And the girl who's forever talking.

There's the athletic girl and the aesthetic  
girl;  
There's the huffy girl and the fluffy girl  
That would drive men to despair.

There's the girl in pink, there's the girl in  
blue;

There's the girl with the red umbrella;  
There's Daisy dear and Annette, the  
couplets;  
There's Susan and Arabella.

There's the Kodak fad and the flirting  
fend;

And the fad who loves to recite;

There's the painting fad and the fainting  
fend;

And the fad of woman's right.

There's the student with glasses astride  
her nose;

There is also the careworn teacher;

There's Mrs. Fry with inquisitive eye  
And there's the petticoat preacher.

There's mamma, too, and her pompos  
pompos;

With daughters as many as five;

They dress themselves six times a day

And each evening take a drive.

There's the tennis girl and the coaching  
girl;

And there's many and many another;

There's the girl so shy and the girl, oh my!

But where, oh! where is her brother?

And the winds they asked it of the waves,  
The waves took up the murmur-r-r.

And the rustling leaves echoed the cry—  
Where are men this summer-r-r?

Society is at present swimming at  
Catalina, bathing at Long Beach, yachting  
on the Pacific, playing polo at  
Santa Monica, lounging at Redondo or  
Coronado, fishing and hunting in the  
mountains, or enjoying some other  
form of summer dissipation.

Fully 3000 of its representatives are  
at Catalina, camping under white tents  
or crowding the hotels and boarding-  
houses. Of cottages there are few, and  
those few are well filled. The Ban-  
nings, babies and nurse girls occupy two  
of these, and four others (of two rooms  
each) rent at \$40 per month. There  
are no others except three or four  
which are occupied by their owners.  
Tents accommodating two people rent  
at \$30 per month. The tent itself prob-  
ably cost \$40. The furnishings are lim-  
ited to a couple of cots, a dry goods box  
for a table and a pair of indifferent  
chairs. The owner of the tent is making  
money and the occupants are en-  
joying an outing. Some tents owned  
and occupied by private individuals are  
put up on an elaborate scale. One has  
three compartments and is entirely sur-  
rounded by a porch covered with can-  
vas. It is built up on a platform so  
high above the ground that the idea of  
dust and crevices things, such as are  
the terrors of camp life, is entirely  
done away with.

Every evening there is a dance and  
promenade concert at the big pavilion  
which Hancock Banning has put up, de-  
signing it as an annex to the big  
hotel he intends building next sea-  
son. Several little steam yachts are  
in constant attendance to con-  
vey guests to points of inter-  
est about the island, and not a day  
passes but some white-winged yacht  
anchors in the harbor with its merry  
crew of pleasure-seekers. J. Fred  
Banks is president of the "Society of  
Island Society," with Ben Banning as  
first assistant. The belle of the island  
is pointed out as a buxom, red-cheeked  
(in fact red faces are the rule at Avi-  
lon) girl who favors pink gowns and  
white caps and is too corpulent to be a  
graceful dancer. A spry little South-  
ern doctor is in the social swim and, in  
spite of his well-brown features, big  
fierce whiskers and somewhat diminutive  
size, appears to be a popular beau.

Between the hours of 10 and noon  
the still waters of the bay are lashed  
into fury by the frantic efforts of ama-  
teur swimmers male and female. The  
ladies' bathing suits are, to this man-  
y, pretty, modest and neat, while the  
gentlemen's attire is noted chiefly for  
its brevity. Possibly the suits have  
shrunk from contact with the water;  
anyway, most of them would bear  
lengthening without damage to the  
costume or its wearer's appearance.  
The bathing is promiscuous, men,  
women, children and dogs joining the  
mermaid cavalcade.

One young man is the cynosure of all  
eyes as he leaps from the spring-board,  
turns a double somersault and splashes  
into the briny deep, clad in a suit of  
dazzling scarlet, which extends from  
neck to ankles. He is the ideal of an  
aquatic prize-fighter in his gorgeous  
bathing costume.

The gleam of white canvas tents is  
seen in every nook and cove of the is-  
land, and those who prefer seclusion pitch-  
ing their tents in some convenient spot  
along the rocky shores. Down at  
White's Landing the Davises, father,  
son and daughters, with Rev. Dr. Camp-  
bell and family, are encamped.

Dr. and Mrs. S. S. Salisbury and fam-  
ily pitched their tent last Friday on the  
ridge back of Hotel Metropole and not  
far away. Near the Y.M.C.A. colony  
is located the trio of teachers, Misses  
M. J. Stewart, Olmstead and Dickson,  
who yearly tour the island.

Rev. Dr. Eli Fay and wife are in a  
cosy cottage on a hill, where they have  
been ever since the 7th of June.

Miss Margaret Hutton of Figueros  
street, who has been the guest of Dr.  
Royer's family for the past two weeks,  
returned home on Friday's steamer.  
The Formans and Caswells also came  
over on the Hermosa Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Thomas, accom-  
panied by Mr. and Mrs. Beale, formerly  
of Minneapolis, but recently of Pas-  
adena, spent several days at the island  
last week.

Mr. H. Sinasbaugh of Loma Drive  
and her son, George Sinasbaugh, are  
spending a few days at the Grand View  
House, whose grand view of the bay  
and the town out-rivals that of all other  
hotels or boarding-houses on the island.

Mrs. Carr of West Adams street and  
her son and daughter, Miss Kate Carr  
and Master Carl Tufts, are tenting on  
the island, and Prof. and Mrs. Brown of

Belmont Hall have taken a tent for a  
week or more.

AT THE SEASIDE.

The amusements are so varied, the  
weeks are so full, that time goes like a  
dream at Hotel Arcadia. There's a  
jolly party made up for the Mandeville  
Café on Friday. In the evening those  
who did not play cards or stroll in the  
moonlight visited the fair.

Judge Lacy, a banker from Tucson,  
has rooms at Hotel Arcadia. C. E.  
Reuss, A. B. Reuss and R. B. Reuss ar-  
rived at the hotel on Friday from Red-  
lands.

William Hood, wife and child, from  
San Francisco are at the hotel.

Mr. Hereford, a leading lawyer of  
Tucson, was at the hotel on Friday. He  
has been a frequent visitor there this  
season.

Dr. George C. Pardoe, the celebrated  
oculist from Oakland, with his wife  
and lovely child are guests at the ho-  
tel.

There has been a large number of  
surf bathers this week and the demand  
for surf boards is increasing as appre-  
ciation of the sport grows.

The polo games are becoming more  
popular every week.

UNIVERSITY CLUB DINNER.

On Thursday evening last the second  
annual dinner of the University of Cali-  
fornia Club of this city was held at Il-  
litch's café, and was a thoroughly enjoy-  
able and successful affair. About a  
year ago the resident graduates and  
former students of the State University  
organized themselves into a club with  
the above name. It was the purpose of  
the founders to form an organization  
which would be the means of bringing  
together the college men who owed alle-  
giance to Berkeley as their Alma Mater,  
thereby keeping alive the memories of  
college days as well as rendering what  
practical service and assistance they  
might to the State University.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bonnell and Dan  
Berthie leave on Sunday for Catalina  
on a short outing.

ON THE WING.

W. P. McIntosh, wife, son Willie and  
daughter Kittie, left yesterday for San  
Francisco to observe the works.

F. W. Blachford and family left yes-  
terday for an outing at Catalina.

C. G. Jones, mother and sister  
Mattie, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Bonnell and  
Dan Berthie leave on Sunday for Catalina

on a short outing.

E. Dunn of No. 808 South Grand  
avenue left last Tuesday evening for St.  
Paul, Minn.

T. B. Clark will leave for New  
York and the East on Tuesday. He  
will be accompanied by his daughter,  
Miss Olive Blane Clark, whom he will  
place in one of the leading colleges,  
either Wellesley or Vassar, where she  
will remain until she finishes her educa-  
tion.

OUR GUESTS.

Mrs. P. H. Turner of Santa Ana, niece  
of J. A. Turner, founder of the First  
National Bank of Santa Ana, is visiting  
the family of T. B. Clark, No. 622 West  
Seventeenth street. Mrs. Turner has  
been attending the annual assembly of  
the Christian Church at Redondo during  
the past week.

Miss Nan Putnam of Greenville, O.,  
is spending the summer with Mrs. D.  
Davis, at No. 227 North Hill street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle of Pueblo, Colo.,  
are spending some time visiting in  
Southern California, but think Los An-  
geles is the place.

Mr. Browning, wife and daughter, of  
St. Louis, are here to stay. Having  
spent one winter here two years ago  
they could not stay away.

SOCIAL MISCELLANY.

The dinner over, President O'Melveny  
announced that speech-making was in  
order and that the "feast of reason"  
would begin. He congratulated the  
club upon the success of the club  
during the past year and referring to  
the great degree of prosperity which  
the University enjoys, he gave many  
proofs of the high rank which she now  
holds among the first universities of the  
land. His most particular allusions  
were directed to the high standard of  
scholarship which is maintained by the  
officers of the institution to which the  
student must attain, and regretted the  
failure of other institutions in our State  
to adhere to an equally high standard.

The following toasts were then pro-  
posed and responded to:

"The law;" E. E. Powers, '86.

"The medical profession;" Dr. Edel-  
man, '80.

"The faculty;" James K. Moffit, '86.

This part of the exercises was marked  
with continued displays of patriotic en-  
thusiasm by the Berkeleyites present.

The club resolved that hereafter the  
annual dinner should be held on the an-  
niversary of the granting of the charter  
to the University, the 23d of March.

All hands were then joined around the  
board and the evening's festivities  
were concluded with "Auld Lang  
Syne."

A TALLY-HO PARTY.

A delightful tally-ho ride was last  
Thursday evening enjoyed by about  
seventeen young people, who drove to  
Mr. Fliske's residence, at Glendale. As  
they neared the hill on which the house  
stands they were gayly saluted, and  
were cordially welcomed by the host  
and hostess and a party of Glendale  
youths and friends.

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niversary of the granting of the charter  
to the University, the 23d of March.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Dromgoole took  
passage on the Hermosa yesterday for  
Catalina, where they will take an out-  
ing of two weeks.

J. B. Reutcher, late of Belleville,  
Ill., will return to that place and bring  
his family here to reside permanently.

Trollos R. Tyndale, late secretary of  
Railroad and Warehouse Commission of  
noise, and his wife, are residing at the  
Belleville Terrace, and will make Los  
Angeles their home.

Mr. Judge Kraft of San Jos is visit-  
ing his brother, C. G. Harrison, and his  
sister, Mrs. F. H. Pieper, on Pico street.

Hon. Ed Ruta, ex-treasurer of Illinois,  
and family, will permanently reside at  
their home, No. 628 West Twenty-first  
street.

Miss Ellen Louise Gunn of Kansas  
City is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H.  
C. Whitehead, of West Ninth street,  
indefinitely. Miss Gunn is known to a  
few circles of friends as a charming  
young woman, who has come to meet  
them. Waterman and friends, who  
recently graduated with honor at the  
famous New England Conservatory of  
Music in Boston.

MR. SMITH'S TROUBLES.

He Says an Injustice Has Been Done Him  
in Recent Publications.

J. M. Smith of Garvanza, an account  
of whose domestic troubles and the  
death of his wife in recent publications

is noted, has been brought to the attention  
of the public by his wife, Mrs. Smith, in  
a series of articles in the "Daily News."  
She has done him in some of the published  
statements and refers to a number of residents of Garvanza of  
what he says, will substantiate what he says.

The letter is as follows:

Mr. Campbell Johnson for four years (ever  
since I came to this country) enough  
evidence that I enjoy his confidence and  
respect or I would not be still working at  
his office.

The four motherless children are being  
cared for by a very competent married  
woman, who lives with her husband on the  
range. They are all healthy and well  
and any child of a man who must depend  
on the labor of his hands for his income.

The fifth child, the one born last, is not  
my child, and to any one in Garvanza who  
has seen this child and is father, I mean  
to add to his honor, that he is a good  
man, who has done well for his wife.

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ing of two weeks.

SWIFT SIXTEEN.

A very pleasant surprise party was  
given Monday evening at the residence  
of Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Dalton, East Wash-  
ington street, for their son Fred, in  
honor of his sixteenth birthday. The  
evening was pleasantly spent in games  
and music, the last in order being the  
famous "Tally-ho" ride.

The following persons enjoyed the ride:  
Misses Grace Newcomb, Eva and Ruth Byram,  
May Brown, Meta Burns, Ada Coleman,  
Jones, Agnes Fliske, Clara Healy, Jessie  
Potter, May and Minnie Stanbury,  
C. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury,  
Weaver, Fliske, Gleason, Constantine,  
Mrs. Townsend and Hackman, Mrs.  
Frank Albricht, Barker, S. and D. Fliske,  
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